THE ART
of
COURTSHIP

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BY WHICH

Young Ladies, Gentlemen and Forreigners may be fitted with all Variety of Elegant Epistles, witty Dialogues, Eloquent expressions, Complemental Ceremonies, Amorous Answers, and lofty Language, suitable to every occasion.

ALSO

The meaner sort bee instructed how to deport or beare themselves at all times, and in all places, either to Entertaine or Associate, and how to expresse themselves fluently, to write quaintly, and likewise ingeniously.

Whereunto are annexed,

Many new and pleasant Odes, Epigrams, Songs, Sonnets, Posies, Presentations, Congratulations, Ejaculations, and Rhapsodies. *With various and delightfull Fancies.*

London, Printed for *Iohn Stafford*, and are to be sold at his house at the sign of the *George* at Fleet-bridge, 1662.

EX DONO
Bibl.
Budd.
FR. DUDEK

TO THE UNDERSTANDING READER.

I Have ſpent ſome vacant hours in the compiling of this Volume, not ſo much to pleaſe my own Intellect, as thy ſenſe, and ſatisfie thy uſe: I am not ignorant, to how much cenſure works of this nature are liable; yet I dare avow my ſelf free from any groſſe obſcenitie, or unchaſte ſcurrillitie; I have purpoſely avoided the Trian Lyrick, the vein of *Menander*, *Callimacus*, *Cornificius*, *Hortenſius*, *Servius*, *Ariſtides*, *Aretine*, *Tibullus*, or *Gallus*, all which (though otherwiſe excellent) have too ſcurrile a ſtrein, & are too powerfull Inciters to luſt and ribaldry; & though this be the *Poſthume* I hope, nay, I queſtion not, but it may prove as exact in all reſpects, as the primary work of this nature, already abroad, with great applauſe and acceptation: Thoſe therefore that have

seen and approved of the first, cannot but have the same desire and affection to this. The Authour is timious of no censure, save theirs, who are either senslesse, or shallow, he presuming to promise this, That he hath not given Demi-castors for Beavers, or Bristol stones for Diamonds.

As he began this, with much diffidence, so he proceeded with much confidence, and hath now finished it, with as much content, he knows, he shall have a whole convey of Critticks croak out their censures; which, as he knows, he laughs at, since the Sun may sooner let fall his beams, upon a solid bodie, & not cast off a shadow, than (the least) merrit, can exist without detraction, and yet (he assures himself) even the sullennest Satyrist (in private) will not refrain to extract from him, according as occasion shall command, and the sowrest Cynick (when need requires) will (clandestinely) resort to him, and turn over, till he finde himself fitted, &c.

For the Sect of formall Stoicks, that for a few wanton words (though for one in this volume, there are twenty in others, extant under the notion of solid Theams) [which is all they understand] will cast this out of their hands, just as a Pigmey should throw

throw away a Diamond, bigger than himſelf, onely b ca:ſe the tent it ſtood upon was black, as the Auhour merits not their paſſion, ſo he values not their indignation, but leaves them, *in præcipiti*, at their Zenith, &c.

He concludes, ſome (that know him) will (perhaps) judge that this work is too light for his ſacred profeſſion; unto which he anſwers, That it is an hard matter to expell nature, or to caſheere and abandon in age (or at maturitie) the laudable propenſities, and ſtudies of ones youth, he dares aſſure himſelf there is in this volume, matter worthy the peruſal of the auſtereſt *Cato*, or rigideſt Stoick, and in other reſpects (indeed the main ſcope and intent of the thing) paſſions, are ſo aptly, lively, and feelingly expreſſed, that he that can read them, and paſſe untouched, muſt either be a Cyclop, or a Centaure, nor need this ſeem ſtrange to any (much leſſe offenſive) ſince Theologie her ſelf (till of late yeers) was thought never better attended, than when ſhe had, not onely Arts and Sciences, Tongues and Languages, and other ſecular and humane learning; but even thoſe polite and elegant ſtudies, of Oratours, and Poeſies, in her train, the

contempt and disdain whereof was ever wont to be ascribed, either to barbarous ignorance, or tetrick sowrnesse, and morosity of nature, the truth of which Gospel, the Author wishes all that read this work, were perswaded of, for

Unto such, he is a

devoted servant

B. D.

NEW, AND, ELEGANT EPISTLES.

For all ſorts, both Sexes, and every (probale) occaſion.

Whether
- *Amorous.*
- *Perſwaſive.*
- *Attractive.*
- *Dehortive.*
- *Affrontive.*
- *Deplorative.*
- *Purgative,* &c.

Intermingled, (for the greater delight and ſollace of the Reader,) with

Many
- *Curious Colloquies.*
- *Dulced Dialogues.*
- *Queint Quodlibets.*

On
- *Love.*
- *Honour.*
- *Jealouſie.*
- *Luſt.*
- *Levity.*

The first Section.

The Lover, being no longer able to conceal his passions (not having opportunity, or will, to court his Mistresse in person) may thus sollicite her by Letter.

Divine Lady,

THe sweetnesse of your beautie, and the excellencie of your vertues, have so fully taken up my thoughts, and so fully surprized, and vanquished my heart, that I am so much yours, by conquest and dutie, as I know not, whether I do more affect, or honour, or more admire, or adore you; wherefore, if you are as courteous as fair, and as loving to me, as I am faithfull to your self, then return me your heart, as I now give and send you mine; and assure your self, that my affection is so infinite and entire to you, that I love and desire you, a thousand times more than mine own life, and will esteem my death both

sweet

ſweet and happy, if you will henceforth live mine by purchaſe, as I am now yours by promiſe,

Excellent Lady, the Admirer of your perfections,

A. W.

If the Lady affect the Gentleman, from whom this (or the like) Letter arrives, ſhe may return him this anſwer.

Sir;

IF your heart be as full of affection, as your Letter is of flatterie to me, I ſhould then have as juſt cauſe thankfully to beleeve that, as to ſuſpect and fear this; for the iniquitie of our times, and the miſerie of many former examples, do prompt and tell me, that moſt men love more with their tongues than their hearts, and that they all know far better how to profeſſe, than preſerve their affections and fidelities to their Miſtreſſes: as for me, Sir, judge with your ſelf, how courteous and loving I am to you; for if I perfectly knew that your

Letter were the true Embaſſadour of your heart, I could both ſay and promiſe, that I love you, and none but you; for in life and death, I here promiſe you to be more yours than mine own, reſolve me of this doubt, and free me of this fear, and then manage this favour, and affection of mine with diſcretion, and requite it with fidelity, to

Your truely affectionate

M. S.

HIS REPLY.

Dear Lady,

AS I am not guiltie, ſo *I* am not anſwerable for other mens crimes of infidelitie, but do as juſtly deteſt and ſcorn, as you unjuſtly fear, them, in me: that my affection is pure and ſacred, and ſhall be inviolable to you, be the ſigheſt my judge, and my heart and conſcience my witneſſes, therefore to reſolve your doubt, and free your fears thereof, I vow, by the pureneſſe of your beauty, and the Dignitie of your vertues, that both my former Letter,

ter, and alſo this, are the true Ambaſſadors and Ecchos of my heart, and which is more, of my Soul, *I* will ſhortly kiſſe you for your love to me, and then love you for your kiſſes, and thank you for both.

Deareſt happineſſe yours,
and onely yours,

A. W.

HER ANSWER.

RElying on the purity of your affection, and the preſervation, and performance of your conſtancie to me, for the which you have invoked God for judge, I now freely acknowledge my ſelf yours, and do therefore wholly take me from my ſelf, to give my ſelf to thee, and you ſhall finde, that *I* will make it my chiefeſt care, and ambition to love you, and my greateſt glorie to honour and obey you, which is the reſolution

Of thine, and not her own

M. S.

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Of thine, and not her own

M. S.

A FART FOR LOVE, OR LOVE SIMILIZ'D.

Love is the fart
Of every heart.

It pain's a man, when 'tis kept close,
And others doth offend, when 'tis let loose.

The Lover resolving no more to devote himself to his quondam *passions (his Mistresse having too much neglected, or otherwise distasted him) thus sends her his* Ultimum vale.

AN ODE.

PRetty Picture; fare thee well,
How I have lov'd thee none can tell,
Which to me (I do confesse)
Is a glorious happinesse:
Know, I now do hate thee more
Than ere I lov'd thee heretofore.

My dear Nothing, take your leave,
No longer must you me deceive,

Rea-

Reaſon hath rent off the veile,
I can diſcern 'twixt red and pale;
I have found the quirk, and know
Whence this grand miſtake did grow.

Oh how I glory now, that I
Have made this new diſcovery;
Now, now, more will I enhance
The price of a perfidious glance,
Or prize a waſt, a beck, or nod,
As th'invitation of ſome God:
I was inflamed heretofore,
No more will I increaſe that ſcore.

If I gaze now, 'tis but to ſee
What manner of Death-head you'l bee
When ghaſtly *Mors* (as is his guize)
Shall ſhave the Stibium from your eyes:
Your forehead looks (to me) this day,
As if Snails, there, had crawl'd the hay.

Your locks, that curl'd, ore each ear be
Meduſa's Treſſes ſeem to me;
And their excentrique motion move
An Odium, in my breſt, not love:
(Faith) to me, you not excell,
Your hand-maid *Bridget*, Cook-maid *Nell*,
Either of thoſe, to me appear
In beauty, your Superiour

You

You mortifie, thoſe heighten me,
Theſe of my ſins the glaſſes be;
Let me behold their ſhapes ---- I've ſwore,
And will perform't; I'le love no more.

A Gentleman that hath hitherto proved himſelf a meer Platonick, and now finding his heart pliant to the paſſions of love, may thus manifeſt his metamorphoſis to his Miſtreſſe.

Deareſt Miſtreſſe;

HOwever, the licentious Poets have feigned *Cupid* to be a Boy, and blind, my ſelf have great reaſon to preach down that Hereſie, & to affirm what is clean repugnant thereto, that he is a Gyant in ſtrength, if not in ſtature, and hath eyes like the Sun-beams, vivacious & piercing, for were it not ſo, I that have had the hap hitherto, to be reputed ſhot-free and invulnerable (who have beheld the beauty of Ladies, as men do pictures on the wall, rather with a delight to view, than dally with, eſteeming them pretty poliſhed ſubſtances, onely for outward ſhew, and not for inward ſolace) had not now my ſelf been

been blinded with too much gazing on the radiant luſter of your bright & heavenly eyes, and thrown at your gracious feet, bound hand and foot in the gyres of love, either to receive the ſentence of life, or death, from your mouth, vouchſafe (dear Lady) to commiſerate the calamitous condition of your captive: And ſince the Soveraign of hearts hath made you Governeſſe of mine, let your Doom denounce the ſoftneſs of your temper. It were horrid Tyranny, to pronounce his death, who hath no other crime (in reference to your ſelf) but to be

Yours, more than
his own

A. L.

HER REPLY.

SIR,

YOu that have been ſo long a Truant, from *Æricinas* School, muſt now in all reaſon expect (at leaſt) a whipping, ere you be admitted to fill a place in the cour-

teous

teous Academy. I have ſtrictly peruſed your Letter, and cannot inform my ſelf (to deal truely with you) whether you are ſerious, or ſportive, I confeſſe there is more (ſeeming) certainty of the firſt, than the laſt, yet give me leave to tell you I ſhould eſteem her, wholly inſaniated, who would ſurrender her Cittadel, upon ſo uncertain a Summons, I have no more to ſay (Sir,) but that I am

Yours, as occaſion ſerves

H. E.

A DIALOGUE.

Fiercely maintaintd between two : He *ſeeking to corrupt*, She *to conſerve her honour.*

HE. Lady, you may aſſure your ſelf of the reality of my love.

SHE. Sir, it is impoſſible to finde love in luſt.

HE. By all that's ſacred, Lady, I will die your ſervant.

SHE.

SHE. By all that's good (Sir) I will not live your ſtrumpet.

HE. Heaven is my witneſſe, you ſhall ſhare equally of my eſtate.

SHE. Angels are my record, I had rather live a poor wife, than die a rich Curtezan.

HE. Lady, I adore your beauty.

SHE. Sir, I know no other, but that you onely ſeek to prophane and defile it.

A Diſſwaſion from Love.

AN ODE.

WHy theſe retirements, jealouſies,
And ſubtile ſealing up of eyes,
Then anſwers, at a beck, or call
Theſe vows of life monaſticall:
The air of ſome wilde, o'regrown wood,
Or grove, I ſee, is *Cupid*'s food;
I will cure thy wounded heart,
By the ſame Phyſick, the ſame Art
Cures a burnt finger; late 'twas in
The fire, now put it there agen:
Know, the thing for which you wooe,
Is not worth half this ado.

The

The Lover returns his affectionate thanks to his Miſtreſſe for his laſt Letter, and withall, inſinuates his deſires, to have further fruition, &c.

My *dear*, *Dear*;

THink I have kiſs'd your Letter to nothing, and now know not what to anſwer, or that now I am anſwering, I am kiſſing you to nothing, and know not how to go on; for you muſt pardon me, if I hate all I ſend you here, becauſe it expreſſes nothing, in reſpect of what it leaves behinde with me: and oh, why ſhould I write then? why ſhould I not come my ſelf? Thoſe Tyrants, buſineſſe and neceſſity, what have they to do with you and I? Why ſhould we not do loves commands before theirs, whoſe ſoveraignty is but uſurped upon us? Shall we not ſmell to Roſes, becauſe others do look on? Or not gather them, becauſe there are prickles, and ſomething that would hinder us? Dear, I fain would, &c. and know no hinderance, &c. but what may come from you, &c. Why ſhould any come, ſince 'tis

not

not I, but you, muſt be ſenſible, how much time we loſe ?

Dear Dear,
I am, and ſhall remain, while
I ſubſiſt with breath, your
affectionate Honourer,

R. M.

A Gentleman, accidentally meeting with a Beautie, with whom he becomes extreamly enamoured, may thus expreſſe him, and ſhe yield him the following Anſwers.

A DIALOGUE, (*Suppoſed*) *between* ROGERO *and* DIAPHANTA.

ROGERO.

FAir Lady, ſince I have had the felicity to behold the brightneſſe of that Beauty, which proclaims you the onely Wonder of your Sex, the excellencie whereof hath captivated mine eyes, and raviſhed my heart, think it not ſtrange, if I implore you to take pity on me, ſince my flame

flame is so fervent, and my affection is so passionate, that either I must live yours, or not die my own.

DIAPHANTA.

Sir, As I cannot think, you can count it felicity to enjoy the sight of so mean a Gentle-woman, so I cannot impute it to affection, but flatterie, that this poor beauty of mine (which you so unjustly paint forth in rich praises) should have sufficient power, either to captivate the eyes, or, which is more, to ravish the heart of so noble a Gentleman, as you seem to be, such Victories are reserved for those Ladies, who are as much your equall, as I your inferiour, and therefore directing your zeal to them, if they finde your affection such as you professe to me, no doubt, but, regarding your many vertues and merit, they will in honour grant you that favour, which I in modesty am constrained to deny you.

ROGERO.

It is a pretty ambition in you (sweet Lady) to disparage your beauty, that there-

thereby it may ſeem the fairer, as the Sun who appears brighter, by reaſon of the nights obſcurity, and all things are beſt, and more perfectly diſcerned by their contraries, but I cannot commend, and therefore not excuſe your pollicie, or rather your diſreſpect to ſlight, and poſt me over from your ſelf whom I love, to thoſe Ladies, I neither know nor deſire: no, no, it is onely to you, and to no other, that I preſent and dedicate my ſervice, and therefore, it will be an ingratitude, as unworthie my receiving, as your giving, that I ſhould be the object of your diſcourteſie, ſince you are that of my affection.

DIAPHANTA.

It is not for poor Gentle-women of my rank and complexion, either to be ambitious, or pollitick, except it be to keep themſelves from the ſnares of ſuch Gentlemen, as your ſelf, who (for the moſt part) under the colour of affection, aim to erect the Trophies of your deſires, on the tombs of our diſhonours, onely I ſo much hate ingratitude, as you, being to me a ſtranger, charity and common courteſie commands

mands me to thank you for the proffer of your ſervice, the which I can no other way, either deſerve, or requite, except in devotions and prayers to heaven for your glory and proſperity on earth.

ROGERO.

Fair Ladie, I being a ſtranger to you admire that you offer ſo voluntarie an injurie to your judgement, and my intent, as to pervert my affection, and ſpeeches to a contrary ſenſe: but my innocency hath this conſolation, that my heart is pledge for my tongue and my deeds, ſhall ſhew my words real: in the mean time, ſince you give me no place in your heart, I beſeech you lend me one in your Coach, and be at leaſt ſo courteous, as to honour me in accepting my company to conduct you home.

DIAPHANTA.

Noble Sir, when I am as well acquainted with your heart, as with your ſpeeches I ſhall then not onely repent, but recant my errour in judging your ſelf by

by others, in the mean time, if I have any vvay wronged your merits, and vertues, to give you ſome part of ſatisfaction, if you pleaſe to grace me with your company to my manſion (although it hath never been my Manner to afford ſuch favours) I do moſt kindly, and thankfully accept thereof.

The Lover deſirous to expreſſe the Ardency of his affection to his Miſtreſſe, and to languiſh no longer betwixt hope, and fear; may thus expreſſe himſelf by Letter, in this queint Character.

DeArE mIsTRiSse,

CoULd yOu PoSsIbLy bEe SeNsIbLe oF ThE gReAt DoloUr I EnDuRe fOr YoUr SwEeTe sAkE, I aM cOnFiDeNt, yOu WoUld pITtIe mEe, tHe dAy AffOrDS nO CoMfOrT, NoR ThE nIgHt, nO SoLaCe, eXcEpT, wHeN I FlATtEr mY sElFe iNtO *A* FoOlEs pArADiSe, aNd pErSwADE my sEFE yOu wILl bEe mInE: As YoUr rIgOuR bIDs mEe diSpAiRe. So ThE CoNsIdE-

sIdErAtiOn oF ThAt sO.TnEsSe, InHeREnT O YoUr sEx, B Ds MEe hAvE HoPE, t B SE Ch YoU (DeARe SAiNt) lEt MeE, nO lOnGeR lAnGUiSH iN SuSpEnCe lEt MEe kNoW my dOoMe, ThAt sO I mAy FiT My sElFe, EiTher FoR YoUr SoCIeTie, oR mY GRaVe.

LaDy, I aM yOuRs, SoLelY tO BEe DiSPoSED, Ei hEr fOr ThIs, OR ThE oThEr wOrlD.

S L.

A Gentleman, having invited himſelf to Dinner (rather to feed his eyes, then his ſtomack) to a widdows houſe (with whom he is in Love) thus Complements with her at Table.

A DIALOGUE.

(Suppoſed) *between* ARNALDO, *and* THOMASIN.

THOMASIN.

SIr, did you know your welcome, your meat (Sure) would be more acceptable to your pallate.

AR-

ARNALDO.

Lady, my gratitude ſhall be ever obliged for this favour, a little ſerves to ſatisfie my hunger, I never yet knew how to gurmandize: my appetite (I confeſſe) had been more pregnant, ſave that I ſerve my belly through my eyes.

THOMASIN.

I underſtand you not (Sir)

ARNALDO.

I would to heaven you did Lady, my meaning is, the view of your fair ſelf, is a repaſt to me, (though fit for Gods) and might I alway have the happineſſe to ſatiate my ſight with your bright ſelf, I ſhould not need to eat for my ſubſiſtance.

THOMASIN.

Troth, Sir, you'd finde my face, but feeble fare, a good Hogs viſnomy ſow'd, when you are hungry, would ſtand you in more ſtead.

AR-

ARNALDO.

You cannot gueſſe my conſtitution (Lady) did you but know how infinitely, I love you, you'd ſay I ſpake, that which I thought a truth.

THOMASIN.

You love me then.

ARNALDO.

As I love Heaven, or Honour.

THOMASIN.

If then your love be real, as you proteſt it is, you will not ſure denie me, one poor boone.

ARNALDO.

Deny you? ask me, my eſtate --- that's nothing, ask my right hand, or if you will my life, and I will willingly expire your martyr.

THO.

THOMASIN.

No, Sir, *I* ſhall not be ſo cruel, onely I do command you, as you love me not to ſpeak one word more till we have din'd, nay, give me no reply.

ARNALDO.

Mum.

Poeſies upon Bracelets.

As love gives life to every part
So this, gives life, unto my heart
This chaſtely lies, and lives with me,
O that I might, do ſo with thee.

Another.

How might I triumph, in my bliſſe
If love were, where my bracelet is;
For then ſhould love, do no ſuch harm
To writing my heart, but wreath my arm.

A Gratulatory Letter, the Lovers Miſtreſſe being married to his intimate friend, which (becauſe he cannot help) if he pleaſe, may thus approve on.

TO thee young youth, theſe youngling lines I write
Stor'd with my beſt of wiſhes; May delight
Crown, that long wiſh'd for nuptial bed of thine
Which ſhould have been (if fate had granted) mine
Yet I eſteem it no unlucky fate,
Since what one friend ha's is communicate
Unto another, that my love ſhould end,
And ending give beginning to my friend:
But why ſay I, 'tis ended: ſith by thee,
A three-loves ſong, bears deſcant merrily?
And thus it is, I lov'd her, where thou art,
Shee thee, thou me, three lovers in one heart;
Shee thine, thou mine, (if mine thou ſtil'd may be)
Make her, in being thine, eſpous'd to me.

Your friend as good as ever A. H.

The lover having (in part) already ſignified his affection to his Miſtreſſe, (perſonally) thus ſeconds his attempt (being forced to keep at diſtance) by Letter.

Bright Miſtreſſe,

WEre you as courteous as faire, you would reſt as confident of my affections, as I do of your beauty, and then, as much rejoyce in that, as I triumph in this, but as my tongue lately vvanted power, ſo now doth my pen Art to inform you how dearly I love your beautie, and honour your vertues, ſo that could your thoughts prie into mine, or my heart be ſo happie, as to dictate to yours, thoſe ſhould know, and this ſee, that I am ambitious of no other earthly felicitie, then either to live your husband, or die your martyr, it remains in you, ſweet Lady, either to crown my joyes by your conſent, or to immortalize my torments by your refuſal, if you ſeriouſly weigh the fervency of my love. I hope you will not tax the incredulitie of my fear, for till I am ſo happie not onely to hope, but to aſſure my ſelf that thou wilt be mine, as I am already

thine, I muſt needs feel perpetual anxity therefore, fair, and dear Lady, I beſeech thee deſtinate me, diſpoſe my ſervice, and command both, for I take Heaven to witneſſe, thy abſence, is, my Hell upon earth.

Soul of my bliſſe, I am
your zealous devoted
Lover and admirer

E. D.

A Gentle-woman in the abſence of her affiancied Lover (being hotly importuned, or otherwiſe ſollicited by another) may invite her beloved home to her embraces, thus:

Deareſt Love,

ALthough mine eyes, and heart, can better weep, and ſigh for my afflictions, than my pen depaint them, yet I ſhould infinitely wrong you in my ſelf, and my ſelf in you, if I inform you not by this my Letter (the ſecret Embaſſadour of my heart) that my affection deſerves, and my honour requires, your ſpeedie

ſpeedie return to me, I would unlock you this myſterie, and make it more obvious, and apparent to the eye of your underſtanding, but that mine own modeſty, and others ſhame, commands my pen to ſilence herein; and again, my tears ſo confuſedly, and mournfully interrupt my ſighes, they my tears, and both my pen, that although I have the will, yet I want the power to inlarge my ſelf; (dear Sir,) let nothing retard your ſpeedie approach to me, as you tender the honour of

Your diſconſolate

E. H.

HIS REPLY.

My fair, and dear, &c.

THe knowledge of thy ſighes and tears the more afflict and grieve me, in reſpect I am ignorant whence they proceed, or what occaſioned them. 'Tis true, thy affection deſerves my return, and the preſervation of thy honour, not onely to requeſt, but require, and command it, but I

am ſo aſſured of that, and ſo confident of this, as I know, thou wilt carrie the firſt to the grave, and the ſecond to heaven: ſo if any one ſince my departure have fallen in love with thy beautie, thou muſt not finde it ſtrange, much leſſe grieve thereat. Since the excellencie thereof hath power, not onely to captivate one, but many; yea, the conſideration thereof ſhould rather rejoyce, than afflict thee, ſith whatſoever he be, the ſhame in the end will remain his, and the glorie thine: but dear and ſweet Ladie, I think thine honour is onely the pretext, and thy affection the cauſe, ſo earneſtly to deſire my return, whereto I would willingly conſent; but that the dayly expectance of my preferment muſt a little longer detain me here: onely this is my reſolution, and I pray let it be thy aſſurance, I will diſpatch my affairs, with all poſſible expedition, and ſhall never think my ſelf happie, till I lodge thy delicate bodie betwixt my longing armes, which deſired time to haſten, ſhall be the conſtant, and affectionate prayer of

Thy faithfull Lover

P. R.

A DIALOGUE.

Between two Gentlemen, having newly parted with one of their Mistresses (lately walking with them) in a Garden.

1.

DId'st thou not find, each Herb, inspir'd
And all the flow'rs look fresh, as they desir'd
No other Sunne, and starting from their beds
(Onely to look on her) steal out their heads?
Didst thou not hear, choice musick whil'st she talk'd,
And didst thou not perceive, that as she walk'd
She scatter'd Aromatick, all about
Such as Bean blossoms make, when newly out,
Or chafed spices give, when by the sent
You may perceive the *Elizian* continent.

2.

I not perceiv'd, nor credit such a thing,
I see that Love, can make an after spring.

1.

Dull ſenſeleſſe clod, thou couldſt not
chuſe but ſee
The true reſemblance, of a Diety.

2.

'Tis true, I had my thoughts, but not your
way
You know, all are not born unto the Bay;
You do not doubt I'me ſure, I'me fleſh and
blood:
I even now was thinking, (by all good)
In ſpite of Masks, and Veyls, how to de-
crie
Thoſe parts, which are not obvious to the
eye:
In thought, I was undoing all ſhe wore,
And had ſhe chanc'd to walk, but one turn
more,
Our Grandame, in her firſt ſtate, had not
been
More naked, or to th'eye, more plainly
ſeen.

The

The Lover, having often ſeen his Miſtriſſe (yet through baſhfulneſſe, or otherwiſe, having forborn to reveal himſelf) may Court her by Epiſtle.

Beauteous Lady,

MY affection will not permit me any longer to practiſe the poſture of a mute, I confeſſe, I have had the happineſſe more than once to view the brightneſſe of your beautie, yet never could cenſure the time opportune enough, to render it befitting Adoration, ſo that you may juſtly cenſure me, either to be too Cynical, or too baſhfull, the firſt I dare not acknowledge, the laſt, I am aſhamed to own: whatever hath been the Remora hitherto, I am reſolved for the future, that nothing ſhall obſtruct the progreſſe of my Pilgrimage to your ſhrine, where when arrived, if I fail in the offertorie of my Oraiſons I beſeech you excuſe me, and believe that as the greateſt grief, ſo ſometimes the higheſt Love hath the leaſt utterance. I beſeech you (Dear Miſtreſſe) ſend me your reſponſion in writing, for though I have the impietie of thoſe, who aſpire to the

gradations of Princes, yet I confeſſe, it ſutes beſt with my nature to woe, (though not to wed) by proxey,

Dear Miſtreſſe I am
Your moſt humble
Adorer

I. H.

If the Gentle-woman can fancie the party, from whom this, (or the like Epiſtle) is directed, ſhe may return him this anſwer.

Sir;

I received your Letter, dated, &c. and cannot ſo much diſguize my affections, as to abſcond this truth, viz. That the diſtillations of your pen, (next to the perfections of your perſon) pleaſe me ſufficiently, though I cannot but ſmile, and wonder at once, at the humour of your expreſſion, and the expreſſion of your humour; while you turn Cupid into a Satyre, and a Satyre into Cupid: let it ſuffice, I dare love you: Provided, you can confidently, and

and cordially confirm the Epilogue annexed to your late Letter.

Sir, *Your very friend*

A. G.

OF MARRIAGE.

(*Dedicated to all Fathers and Mothers, who make Matrimony a matter of mony.*)

THe iniquity of our times are as ſtrange as lamentable; for in matters of Marriage, Parents without due regard, either to the natures, or affections to their Children, ſtill preferre *Gold*, before *Grace*, and Riches before Vertue and Nobility: but divers of theſe Marriages in the end finde either ſhame, miſery, or repentance, and ſometimes all.

The Virgin, or Widow finding the inclination of her Parents to be averſe from the man, on whom ſhe hath wholly fixed her Love, and that they will needs conſtrain her to marrie one, whom ſhe can

by

by no means affect, may thus expoſtulate.

O My dear Parents, name not, &c. for my husband, but if you will needs give me one, then by all that bloud of yours, which ſtreameth in all the veins of my bodie, of two, let me enjoy one, either *E. L.* or my Grave, He, the beginner of my joyes, or This, the ender of all my miſeries and ſorrows: neither is it diſobedience in me, but fear of cruelty in your ſelves that throwes me on the exigent of this requeſt, and reſolution: I pray conſider by the bonds of nature, and not by the Rules of Avarice and Inhumanity.

An Orbicular Dance,

Or a neceſſary contemplation on a wedding Ring.

THe little Ring of Matrimony, incloſeth many great and weighty conſiderations, and amongſt others, this is not one of the leaſt, diſparity in years makes no true harmonie in affections, for there is no affinity betwixt *January* and *May*, and it is a matter, though not impoſſible, yet difficult for youth and age to ſympathize.

The

The ſecond Section.

The Lover (already affianced to his Miſtreſſe, being forced to be abſent from her in another Countrey) to manifeſt his own reality, and to confirm her conſtancy, thus ſaluteth her.

Dearest happineſſe,

THere are ſome reaſons that ſtay me for not viſiting thee in perſon, but I hope it will not be long ere my ſpirits finde illumination, from the bright rayes of thy beauty, and that I become as joyfull in thy preſence; as thy abſence makes me miſerable; I have given thee ſo true, and real a proof of my affection, as thou ſhouldeſt offer me palpable injuſtice, and to thy ſelf extream injury to doubt thereof, for what greater Teſtimony canſt thou futurely expect, then to believe I will ever preferre thy love before my own life? Heaven may, but

but earth cannot croſſe our deſires; thy anſwer ſhall have many kiſſes, and I will ever both honour, and bleſſe that hand that writes it.

Dearest happineſſe your affectionate ſervant

I. W.

If the Gentle-woman, to whom this, (or the like) Letter is directed, have now altered her minde, and reſolves to take of her affection from this party, whom ſhe once countenanced, ſhe may return him this anſwer.

SIR,

MY fathers death hath altered my diſpoſition, I am now wholly addicted to mourning, and not to marriage, I pray trouble not your ſelf (for my ſake) to leave the place where you are, for the beſt comfort I can receive, is, that it is impoſſible for me to receive any. I never doubted thy affection, nor will give thee any juſt cauſe to ſuſpect, much leſſe to ſeek mine, if this will not ſuffice, reſt aſſured that either my grave, or thy ſelf ſhall be my

my husband: but in all outward probability the laſt before the firſt, muſt prove my enjoyment. Farewell,

Neither thine, nor her own

N. R.

The Lover being abſent from his Lady, in ſome diſtant clime, and having no other theam, than the preſentation of of his affectionate ſervice, may thus ſalute her.

Beauteous Miſtreſſe,

SO much was I ever yours, ſince I had firſt the honour to know you, and conſequently ſo little my ſelf, ſince I had the unhappineſſe to part with you, that you your ſelf (Dear) without what I would ſay, cannot but have been ſo juſt, as to have imagined the welcome of your own Letters, though indeed they have but removed me, from one Rack, to ſet me on another, from fears, and doubts, I had about me of your welfare, to an unquietneſſe within my ſelf, till I have deſerved this intelligence, how pleaſingly troubleſom, thought and

and remembrance have been to me ſince I left you, I am no more able to expreſs than another to have them ſo, you onely could make every place you came in, worth the thinking of, and I do think thoſe places [this clauſe may be either left out, or inſerted, as occaſion requires] worthy my thoughts onely, becauſe your ſelf (once having viſited theſe places) made them ſo: yet every place will be alike, ſince every good ſubject will do the ſame: variety of beauty and faces [quick underminers of conſtancie to others] to me will be but pillars, to ſupport it, ſince when they pleaſe me moſt, I moſt think of you. In ſpite of all Philoſophy, it will be hotteſt in my climate, when my Sunne is fartheſt of, and in ſpite of all reaſon, I proclaim that I am not my ſelf, but when I am

Yours wholly at command

I. F.

The Ladies Reply.

Sir,

I Received your queint Epiſtle, by the hand of your ſervant *P. D.* and could

could wiſh, you would pleaſe for the future, to complement in a calmer Dialect, I mean in a meaner ſtile! Alas, we ſilly women, who never travelled farther than thoſe two *Herculean* Pillars, *Sydney*, and *Saluſt*, read your lines, (as ſome ignorants, Latine) onely by roat, and how tedious, and troubleſome a task it were for us to reſort to Rider, for the explication of every intricate word, be your ſelf judge. I kindly thank you for your Cordial expreſſions, of your realitie towards me, and ſhall deſire no longer to ſubſiſt with breath, than I approve my ſelf correſpondently fidelious: as I will not doubt of your perſeverance in Love, ſo I beſeech you be not anxious of my firm fixed conſtancie. I beſeech you (Sir) let me no longer languiſh deſtitute of your ſocietie, than neceſſitie ſhall command a ſeperation, as you love, or reſpect

Your affectionate

N. S.

If

If it ſo happen (as oftentimes it hath) tha one Gentleman aſſociating another, ſha hear him vent words in the detraction (o elſe boaſting of familiarity (the cland ſtin favours) of ſuch a Lady; if the one have minde to inform, what the other hath u tered, he may certifie the Lady, thus:

Lady,

IT is out of affection to you, and not ou of premeditated malice to *A. R.* that I preſume to ſignify unto you, That lately i my preſence with him, at, &c. he let fal ſome words that tended to the prejudice and diſparagement of your honour, where of, I know, it is not onely the part, bu the dutie of a true Gentleman, to be ra ther curious in preſerving, than any wa ingrateſull in the revealing thereof; nei ther do I attempt to ſend you this new thereby to infinuate, or draw you to af fect me the more, and him the leſſe: one ly ſince it is contrary to my complexion and nature, to permit any Ladie to b wronged in my preſence, how much leſſ your ſelf, to whom I not onely owe m ſervice, but my life; if you will not ap

prov

prove my zeal, you have all the reaſon in the world to pardon my preſumption. And to make my letter real, what my pen affirms to you (Lady) my ſword is readie to confirm to your detractor, and ſo I take my leave,

Madam,

Your very humble

ſervant

E. G.

HER ANSWER.

Sir,

I Know not, whether you have ſhewed me a truer Teſtimonie of your diſcretion, and affection, then *A. R.* of his envy, and folly; but as I reſt infinitely obliged to you, for your care of my reputation: So I reſolve ſhortly, to make him know what he deſerves, in attempting to eclipſe, and diſparage it. Now as I grieve not, ſo I muſt confeſſe, I cannot refrain from ſorrowing at his undeſerved ſlander, for

for as mine own innocencie defends m
from the firſt, ſo my Sex, cannot exem
me from the ſecond, and look what diſp
ritie there is betwixt thy generoſitie, a
his baſeneſſe, ſo much there is betwi
the whiteneſſe of my chaſtitie, and t
foulneſſe of his aſperſion: I reſt ſo conf
dent of the truth of thy pen, as I deſi
not the confirmation of thy ſword, aſſ
ring my ſelf, that ſince *A. R.* was ſo i
diſcreet to wrong me, he will neither ha
the wit, or courage to right himſelf. I re
turn you many heartie thankes for th
kinde office, and courteſie, the which
though I cannot requite, yet I will n
onely indeavour, but ſtrive, to deſerve

Sir,

Your obliged friend

K.

A Maid being diſſwaded by her Parents, from affecting him whom ſhe hath reſolved to marry, and inſtigated by them to accept the Love of him, whom ſhe cannot endure, may thus anſwer them.

MAID.

IF your age will not, yet my youth, or rather my heart informs me, that *A. L.* is far exceeds *D. C.* in the priveledges of mind and bodie, as *D. C.* doth him in thoſe of fortune, but that my reſolutions and answers may anſwer, and correſpond with my obedience, although I love *A. L.* yet I will never hate, rather honour *D. C.* but to make him my husband, or my ſelf his wife, if earth have, I hope heaven hath not decreed it, and I humbly beſeech ye, that this may reſt your reſolution, as I aſſuredly think it ſhall, and will remain mine.

If it ſo happen that a Virgin (by the perſwa-ſive allurements of ſome Youngſter) hath yielded up her precious chaſtity, to the diſpoſal of him, who promiſed her marriage (he notwithſtanding unmindfull of his promiſe, and ingratefully deſerting her) ſhe may thus greet him.

(*Once dear*) Sir,

YOu have bereaved me of mine honour, the which (had I had as much *Grace*, as *Vanity*) I ſhould have eſteemed farre dearer, and precious than my life your promiſe to make me your wife, was the onely lure, which drew me to conſent to that errour and folly, at the remembrance whereof I grieve with ſhame, and ſhame with repentance, eſpecially ſince I ſee, you are ſo far from performing it, that you hate me, inſtead of loving me: let the ſweetneſſe of my youth, and the freſhneſſe of my beauty (which with many Oathes you proteſted you admired, and adored) judge whether I have deſerved this diſcourteſie of you; but it is a juſt puniſhment for my ſin, & now I finde too late (though formerly I did not believe it) that the fruit

fruits of pleasure are bitter, resembling those pills, that seem sweet to the pallat, but prove poison to the stomack; and may all maidens beware by my example. If you will not advance my fortunes, yet seek not to make shipwrack of my life, as you have done of my chastitie; if you will not grant me the honour to be a piece of your self, yet in nature you cannot deny, but your little sonne is not onely your picture, but your image, therefore if you cannot affect me for his sake, at least do him for mine, and think, that as it will be an extream ingratitude in you, not to give her maintenance, who hath given you a sonne, so it will be extream crueltie, not to allow that poor babe wherewithall to live, since he hath received both his being, and life of you: but I hope you will be more natural to him, and more loving to my self, which is the prayer

Of disconsolate afflicted

T. R.

A

A Gentle-woman (of what rank soever) being unjustly charged by her husband, for having too much familiarity with a Gentleman, with whom she never had any dishonest compliance may (to assuage her husbands jealousie) thus admonish the Gentleman, to refrain her house and society.

Sir,

IT is not with blushes, but tears, that I presume to write unto you, for indeed it grieves me, to publish my husbands folly, which by dutie I am bound to conceal, neither had I attempted it, but that grief, and necessitie, throwes me on this exigent; for so it is, that my unspotted chastitie is not capable to defend him from jealousie, which makes me as much triumph in mine own loyalty, as I grieve at his ingratitude, and not content to wrong me, his folly, or rather his frenzie hath reflection on you, whom he takes to be both the object, & cause thereof, but as your innocencie can justly warrant, & defend my honour, & your honour my innocency, from the least shadow of that crime so that we may both endeavour, rather to quench

quench than enflame, this his irregularitie, I moſt humbly beſeech you to refrain our houſe, and neither to viſit me, nor be familiar with him, and ſo peradventure time may wear away from his thoughts, that, which at preſent truth and reaſon cannot. Your relucent vertues and true generoſitie, aſſure me of this courteſie, which I will repay with thanks, and requite with prayers, that your dayes may be as infinite as your perfections, and your fame as glorious as your merrits, ſo prayes,

Noble Sir,

Th: honourer of your vertues and Lover of your worth

O. R.

HIS ANSWER.

Noble, and vertuous Lady,

YOur vertues, & my conſcience, make us as unworthy of your husbands ealouſie, as he of ſo chaſte a wife as your ſelf, and ſo true a friend, as I am: but as our affections to him hath ſtill ſhined in our loyaltie; So it muſt now in your pa-

tience, sith he, in this base passion of his, seeking his own shame, will at last assuredly finde out your glorie. Had his folly revealed me so much as your discreet Letter, I would have exchanged my pen, to a sword, and with the hazard of my life, and loss of my dearest bloud, made known, as well to him, as to the whole World, the truth, both of your chastitie and honour, and of mine honour, and innocencie, in the mean time, I will both embrace, and obey your request, and will mannage it with such observance to your husband, such respect to your vertues, and such regard to mine own reputation as I hope he shall rest satisfied, of your chastitie towards himself, and of mine to you, otherwise, I prize Ladies of your perfection, at so high a rate, and set one of his humour and inclination, at so low an esteem, that I well know how to answer his choller with contempt, and to requite your discretion, both with admiration and praise.

Madam,

Your affectionate honourer in all noble essayes. E.C.

C

Cupids Advice, *to all Amouriſts.*

HE that would be more like a Tutor, than a Pupill, in the Art and School of Love, muſt be ſo farre, from neglecting any, that he muſt curiouſly, and carefully ſeek all opportunities, and occaſions to enjoy the felicitie of his Miſtreſſe company; he muſt ſit and talk with her in her lodgings, ſuffer none to dance with her but himſelf, meet her at Church, and conſtantly ſeat himſelf, within the reach of her eye, and briefly (without great difficultie) let her not be preſent any where, himſelf being abſent.

The third Section.

Though not frequently, yet ſometimes it hath hapned, and may chance to fall out (in caſe the party affected, is either obdurate, or ignorant) that the Woman is forced to ſue for the Love of the man; which harſh infortunity, if a Virgin, or Widdow be expoſed to, ſhe may manifeſt her ſelf thus:

Sir,

YOu have cauſe to think, that were not my affection intire and conſtant, I ſhould not thus attempt, to reveal it you in lines, which bluſh not, as my cheeks do, when I write them: I ſhould offer too palpable violence, and injurie to the truth, if I tell you not, that it is impoſſible for me to love any but your ſelf, whom I no ſooner ſaw, but I deeply admired, and dearly affected: now ſince my zeal to you, is begun in vertue, and ſhall be con-

continued in honour, it makes me flatter my ſelf with hope, that you will not enforce me to deſpair, for if I am not ſo happie, as to be yours, I muſt be ſo unfor-fortunate, never to be mine own. I can prefix, and give bounds to my Letter, though not to my affection; hate not her, who loves you dearly, otherwiſe, whatſoever you think, I know your unkindneſſe to me will be meer cruelty.

Sir, *I am yours,*
and none but yours
C. S.

The party affected, finding his inclination ſerves him to love his Love-ſick Miſtreſſe (and reſolving to meet her fervour with equal flame) may return this anſwer.

Bright Miſtreſſe,

YOur vertue and beautie, is enough powerfull to prevail with me, but your affection, which adds grace to either, and either to it, makes me forget all other dehortive reſpects: I doubt not of the ſinceritie of your Interiours, and in

this hope; I both rejoyce, and triumph, that you ſhall not be my martyr, but my Miſtreſſe, and I will be both your Saint, and your ſervant. For as you deſire to live in my favour, ſo my chiefeſt ambition, and zeal, is to die in your affection: that which Heaven makes me to affirm, earth cannot force me to denie; I will ſhortly follow, and ſecond this my Letter, till when and ever.

I am (Dear Lady)
Yours in all the
bonds of Love

N. Y.

A Virgin, or Widdow, having made her ſelf ſure to one brother, and the other (notwithſtanding) ſolicitous, for the attaining her love, may juſtly reprove him, thus

Sir;

TO have offered this unkindneſſe of yours to your friend had been ignoble ingratitude, but to do it to your own brother,

ther, can be no leſſe than treachery, and therefore this know from me, that I eſteem primogenitorſhip, as inferior to your brothers vertues, and they are in all reſpects, ſuperior to yours; and had you not enjoyned me ſilence, ere you propoſed your lewd deſires, I would now preſently publiſh it to the world, to the admiration, and deteſtation of all good men.

The Lover having long born good will to a Nice (but beauteous) Gentle-woman, having opportunely met with her, thus expoſtulates.

A DIALOGUE (ſuppoſed) *between* JERANTHA, *and* INFORTUNIO.

INFORTUNIO; What are we grown (*Ierantha*,) night and day? muſt one ſtill vaniſh at the others approach? of all the productions Cupid was ever yet famous for, this is the ſtrangeſt iſſue.

IERANTHA, What, Sir?

INFOR. Your hate, *Ierantha.*

IERAN. You do miſtake, if I do ſhun you, 'tis as baſhfull Debtors do their Cre-

ditors, I cannot pay you in the ſelf ſame coyn, and am aſhamed to offer any other.

INFOR. It is ill done (Lady) to plead bankrupt, when with ſuch eaſe, you may be out of debt: in Loves dominions 'tis not as 'tis in other climes, mative commodity is currant payment, change is all the trade, and heart for heart, the richeſt Merchandize.

IERAN. 'T would here be of mean value (Sir) ſince mine would prove in your hands, but a counterfeit, and your in mine, worth nothing: Sympathy, not greatneſſe, is the ſale of thoſe Iewels.

INFOR. Sympathy, Oh, teach but yours to love then, and two ſo rich as ours, no mortal yet ere knew.

IERAN. That heart would love but ill, that muſt be taught; theſe fires (Sir,) ought to kindle of themſelves.

INFOR. But in ſuch a cold and frozen place, as is your breaſt (Ladie) how ſhould they kindle of themſelves?

IERAN. Ask how the flint can carrie fire within it, 'tis the leaſt miracle that Love can do.

INFOR. Thou art thy ſelf the greateſt miracle, for thou art fair to all perfecti-

on

on, and yet doſt want the greateſt part of beautie, kindneſſe; thy crueltie (next to thy ſelf) above all things on earth, doth cauſe my wonder.

JERAN. Call not that cruelty, which is my fate, believe me (Sir,) the honeſt Swain, that from the brow of ſome ſteep cliffe far off beholds a ſhip labouring in vain againſt the boyſtrous, and unruly windes, nere had leſſe power, or more deſire to help than I: tell me but any paſſion, you would have (ſave Love) I have't in ſtore.

Farewell Sir.

INFOR. Farewel, cruel Miſtreſſe.

A friend hearing that one of his acquaintance is to marry with a Gentle-woman, already affianced to another, gives him this notice by Letter.

Dear friend,

BEing more jealous of your proſperitie than my own, and knowing, it many times, falls out, that Lovers loſe the clearneſſe, & ſoliditie of their judgements, in gazing and contemplating on the Ro-

ſes, and Lillies of their Miſtreſſes beauties, I deſirous to prevent your diſgrace, thought my ſelf bound to ſignifie unto you, that I underſtand, by the report of thoſe, whoſe ſpeeches bear their perſwaſions with them, that your ſuit, to *R. H.* is in vain, and ſhe unworthie your affection, becauſe ſhe hath already contracted her ſelf to *N. W.* your rival. I am ſorry to be the Herald of this news as glad and confident, that, as ſhe hath matched your inferiour, ſo you are reſerved for her better: wherefore Sir, recall your thoughts, tempt not impoſſibillities, and conſider that the ſhorteſt errours are beſt. I could give no truce to my thoughts, till I had advertiſed you hereof, which having done I have no more to ſay, ſave that I am,

Your affectionate

friend

R. C.

The Lover, finding all his indeavours vain, and his sollicitations fruitlesse, his Mistresse by no means being to be won to his embraces, and resolving to slight that which in coveting he cannot attain, may send her his resolution, thus, :

SInce, thou hast view'd some Gorgon, and grown a sollid stone
To turn again to softnesse, thy hard hart is past my Art.

Ye may relent to water, in a thaw
But stone, turn'd flesh, loves Chymistry ner'e saw,
Therefore by thinking on thy hardnesse, I will petrifie.

And so, within our double quarries wombe
Digge our own Tombe.

Thus strangely wee'l, in spight of Fate, agree
And with our selv's, amaze the World to see
LOVE, and REVENGE in Sympathy consent
To make two Rocks, each others Monument.

The Lover, being forced from his Miſtreſſe eyes, into ſome other Countrey, thus complements with her by Letter.

Divine Miſtreſſe,

BY the ſame reaſon, the ancients made no ſacrifice to death ſhould your ſelf ſend me no Letters, ſince there has been no return on my ſide: but the truth is, the place affords nothing, all our dayes are (as the women here) alike, and the difference of FAIR, does rarely ſhew it ſelf; ſuch great ſtate, do beauty, and the Sun keep in theſe parts. I keep company with my own horſes (Miſtreſſe) to avoid that of the men; all days are tedious; companies troubleſome, and books themſelves (feaſts heretofore) have no reliſh in them: finding you to be the cauſe of all this, excuſe me (Miſtriſſe) if I reſent, and continue peremptory in the reſolution I have taken to be

Dear Lady,
During life, your faithfull ſervant

D. K.

HER

HER REPLY.

Sir,

YOu could not imagine me doubly dull, and that I mix my wine, more with Læthe, than Rock-water, if I ſhould not proclaim my ſelf ſenſible of your neglect hitherto; I thought once to have ſent you, as a token of my Love, a Pen, Ink, and Paper, I cannot imagine, you have had the Palſie, or the Cramp, all this time, nor will I conceit, that your affection cooles towards me, and therefore you may perceive what ſmall gratuities are welcom to Children, and Women, in that I accept of this one Letter in liew of all thoſe, which I once thought my Love might have commanded from you. Sir, I long for nothing more than your preſence, which may ſuffice (ſure) to perſwade you of my entire affection.

Who am
Yours wholly to be diſpoſed of

M. B.

A

A Souldier complementing with his Miſtreſſe, in a Dialogue *(ſuppoſed) between* Millitario *and* Cypriana.

MILITARIO. Why my deare *Cypriana*, doſt thou ſuſpect my warm embraces, let hungrie death, ſieze on my honour, ere it ſieze on me, if my breaſt entertained one thought unlawfull.

CIPRY. Sir, I eſteem you, a friend to vertue, and in that hope will cheriſh all your love.

MIL. In thy fair brow there's ſuch a legend writ of timerous chaſtitie, that it doth blinde adulterous eyes, the mountain Ice congeal'd to Chryſtal, is not ſo froſty chaſt as thy victorious Soul, which conquers man, and mans proud Tyrant paſſion: but I am too rough for Courtſhip, the harmonie (which wanton peace inſtructs the tongue to make) I have forgot, truſt me (bright maid) I love thee dearly, though I have found thy heart like pibble ſmooth, but ſtonie.

CIPRY. I have heard my mother ſay, the youths of *England*, were ever prompt in wanton ſtealth, and ſinfull Arts, till time had given me aſſurance of

you

your noble thoughts, 'twas safe to doubt your Love, but now I wish I were more worthie, and then would prove more liberal of my self.

A courteous Gentlewoman, [who hath a friend besides her husband] finding that her good man hath made a discovery of her escapes, may thus advertise her friend of the matter.

Dear, E.

MY Husband hath discovered our affectious, and is confident that I love thee, far better than himself, wherein as he is nothing deceived; So I conjure thee, by the preservation of thy fidelity and my honour, to forbear my house, and sight for some two moneths, in which interim, I will use my chiefest Art, and the utmost of my possible power, to calm the storms and tempests that jealousie hath raised in him: so be thou but as patient as I will be constant, and I hope a little time shall end our languishing, and again, work our contents, and desires, for though thou art absent from me, yet I am still present with

thee,

thee, and albeit my husband hath my bodie, yet none but thy ſelf hath my heart, as heaven knows, to whoſe beſt favour and mercie, I affectionately, and zealouſly recommend thee.

Thy faithfull friend

A. H.

HIS ANSWER.

Beauteous, and deareſt Miſtreſſe,

I Am as ſorrowfull, that thy husband hath diſcovered our affections, as truely joyfull, that thou loveſt me farre better than himſelf, wherefore, to prevent his jealouſie, and equally to preſerve my fidelity, with thy honour, and thy honour with my life, know (ſweet) that thy requeſts are my commands, and thy will ſhall eternally be my Law, in which regard I will refrain thy houſe, all the long prefixed time, and ſo forbear to ſee thee, but never to love thee, becauſe thy ſweet and Divine beauty is ſo deeply ingraven in

in my thoughts, and imprinted in my Soul, that the farther I tranſport my bodie from thee, the nearer my affection brings my heart to thee, I will add my chiefeſt wiſhes to thy beſt Art, and my beſt prayers to thy chiefeſt power, that a little time may work our content & deſires, but becauſe there is no torment nor death to languiſhing, nor no languiſhing to that of Love, therefore I ſhall think every moment a moneth, and every hour a year, before we again kiſſe, and embrace: conceal this Letter of mine from all the World, with as much care and ſecreſie, as I ſend it thee, with fervent zeal, and tender affection.

Sweeteſt happineſſe,

thine humble and af-

fectionate ſervant,

R. K.

A N

AN HYMENEAL APHORISME.

MEns fancies, and affections in Marriage are moſt times counſelled, and led by the eye, as the eye is by the heart. ſome will prize, and affect beauty without *vertue*, others vertue without beautie, but where both meet and concurre, it doth not onely pleaſe, but delight, and joyntly ſympathize, to make each other excellent.

The Lover (having had much hope heretofore to make his beloved Miſtreſſe his own, while ſhe remained in a ſingle capacity) now finding his Lady hath married another (being yet fetter'd in the Gyres of her love) may thus greet her.

Miſtreſſe,

I Will crave no other witneſſe but your ſelf, of my fervent love, and conſtant affection to you, for none can better teſtifie, how I alwayes made it my chief care and ambition, to make the Dignitie of my

zeal

zeal anſwerable to that of thy beautie, and that this might be as truely immortal, as that is divinely rare, and rarely excellent, I have ſealed it with ſome tears, ſo that although you have given your affection to *S. D.* yet my heart and Soul tells me, it is impoſſible to give mine to any, ſave your excellent ſelf, and becauſe you cannot be my wife, therefore be pleaſed to reſolve to live my friend, as in requital, I will die your ſervant. I confeſſe; I am unworthie of your affection, much leſſe to enjoy the ſweet fruit thereof, your ſweet ſelf, yet becauſe I can be no more than I am, therefore I pray you, make your ſelf, as much mine as you may, your heart ſhall not be a truer Secretarie to our affections, than my tongue; and for the times, and places of our meetings, I wholly referre it to thy will and pleaſure, which mine ſhall ever carefully attend & religiouſly obey, I ſend you my whole heart incloſed in this Letter, and if you vouchſafe to return me a piece of yours in exchange, heaven may, but earth ſhall not croſſe our affection.

Lady,
Your obſequious ſervant not
to be diſobliged
N. R.

If the Gentlewoman, to whom the aforementioned (or the like) Letter is directed, be vertuous (as why should there not be some wives) and resolve not to infringe her marriage vow, she may return this answer.

Sir,

IF you want any witnesse of your folly, not of your affection, your obstinate and vain perseverance herein, of one, makes me capable to serve for many, and if you had been as truely carefull, and ambitious of your own honour, as you falsly pretend to be of my poor beauty, you would not so often have sacrificed your shame to my glorie, nor so sottishly have cast away your tears on my contempt; how you intend to dispose of your self, I neither desire to know, nor care to understand, but as I have given my Soul to God: So God hath given my heart to my husband, from whom neither the malice of Sathans power, or the allurements of any in the World shall withdraw it, and therefore as I am *A. D.* his wife, I detest thy lustfull suit, defying both it, and thy self, and thus to be thy friend, thou shalt

ſhalt finde me thy friend : but for ſuch ſervants as thy ſelf, I leave them to their own proper infamy, and repentance. I make God the Secretarie of my actions, and my husband of my affections, therefore it ſhall pleaſe me well, when I underſtand that thy tongue will recant thy folly, and that thou repent thy indiſcretion towards me, in ſeeking to erect the Trophies of thy laſcivious luſt, upon the ruine, of my pure, and candid honour, and I aſſure thee, that if hereafter thou fortifie not thy heart, with more religious, and leſſe ſinfull deſires, and affections, that Earth can, and Heaven will make thee as truely miſerable, as thou now falſly thinkeſt thy ſelf fortunate.

Farewell,
The Deſter of your
luſtfull imaginations.
C.P.

A Maid, or Widdow having deſerted her Fathers houſe, and with her Lover (whom her Fathers bleſſing commands her not to affect) hath departed to ſome other Countrey, and there hath knit the nuptial knot, may thus indeavour to pacifie her father.

The

The fourth Section.

Dear Father,

ALthough the cause, and manner, of my departure, from you and your house, make me more worthy of your indignation than your pardon, yet when you shall please to remember that you are my Father, and my self your onely Childe and daughter, and that God, and his holy Church, hath of *B L.* my friend now made him my husband, and also that for the term of, &c. I with tears, and prayers, came many times prostrate to you, on my bended knees, to obtain your consent thereunto, then I hope you will at least excuse, if not wholly forget, and pardon this errour of mine, I beseech you consider, that as I came to my husbands bed a pure Virgin, so will I live & die with him a chaste wife, and that as this clandestine flight and marriage of mine, was the first, so it shall be

be the laſt Act of my diſobedience towards you: my husband will ſhortly ſecond this Letter of mine to you, with his preſence and I will then commit that task to his tongue, which I have now obediently impoſed, and commanded to my pen, and my prayers and hopes, and his promiſes, and vertues do aſſure me, that (in his reſpects and ſervice to you) you ſhall ever finde him to be, as much your ſervant, as your ſon in Law. God ever proſper your age with health, and bleſſe your health with proſperitie, which ſhall ever be the prayer

Of your moſt obediently devoted Daughter

N. B.

A Virgin (or Widow) being prohibited by her father from the enjoyment of him whom ſhe affects, and appointed by him to another, whom ſhe can by no means fancie, may indeavour to molliſie the hardneſſe of his temper thus:

Honoured Sir,

ALthough my afflictions and ſorrows are ſuch, and ſo infinite that I am far more

more capable to weep and sigh, than to breath, or speak them forth to you, yet I hold it my dutie, not my disobedience to acquaint you, that because Marriages are first made in heaven, before contracted, or consummated on earth, therefore being so happie, first to love *D. H.* before I was so unfortunate to see *G. S.* I hope it is the pleasure of God, that he hath ordained the first to be my husband, and consequently my self, never to be wife to the second. I am proud in nothing, but in my humility, and obedience, and therein I hope I shall still, both triumph, and glorie, and yet I far more undervalue *G. S.* his wealth, than you do *D. H.* his vertues, if then you will not for my sake, I humbly beseech you for Gods sake, to make me wife to *D. H.* and not to *G. S.* because my heart and minde tells me, that I shall be as happie in the company of the one, as miserable in that of the other: in granting me which just desired favour, and courtesie, my Soul shall become pledge, and caution for my heart, and my heart for my tongue, that you shall have no true cause, either to renounce me for your daughter, or to deny your self for my father, and to conclude this my sorrowfull, and humble speech, it is impossi-

ble

ble for you to wrong me, but you muſt, and will extreamly wrong your ſelf, by attempting and reſolving to enforce me to the contrary, but if yet you will not be ſenſible hereof, then I invoke God to be a juſt witneſſe, and judge between us of your cruelty towards me, and of my candid innocencie towards you, and my betrothed ſpouſe, *D. H.*

A pleaſant Dialogue.

WOOER. Faith, let us marrie, I hate ſingle life,

MAID. Sweet Sir, pray tarrie, I'le not be a Wife.

WOOER. If not a wife to me, for whom then will't thou be,

MAID. For any one ſave thee, (humours are riſe.)

WOOER. Prithee (Dear *Betty*) procure not my death,
For know my being, depends on thy breath.

MAID. Then thus I blow away a fordid thing of clay,
Daphne, come crown me with thy gay wreath.

WOOER. When first I saw thee, the Gods did assent,
That my perdition should cause thy content.
MAID. Fall then a sacrifice,
WOOER. On the Altar of thine eyes,
Thence I'le ascend, to Loves firmament.
MAID. But is't not possible to change thy minde?
WOOER. Prescribe me the way (Oh thou cruel unkinde.
MAID. *Hard fare will famish Love,*
If that not successfull prove,
A halter will do it, in stories we finde.

A Gentlewoman, having suffered some affront, or otherwise hath received some burthenous discontent, and desirous to make Narration thereof to her Lover, may summon him thus:

Dear heart,

BY all the inviolable Love, and tender affection that is betwixt us, I pray and conjure you, to leave, &c. and come over to me with haste, & expedition too &c. because I have a great, and important bu

buſineſſe to reveal to you; a ſecret, which equally concerns us, and which I dare not commit to pen and paper, for that the relation, and knowledge thereof, needs no other witneſſes but our ſelves, if you any way neglect this my advice, or denie, or deferre this my requeſt, the grief will be mine now, but the prejudice and repentance, yours hereafter. I write theſe few lines, with infinite affliction, and ſorrow, which nothing can deface, but your ſight, nor remedy, but your preſence, and when you come to me, prepare your heart and reſolution to receive it from me, with far more tears then kiſſes.

I am your ſorrowfull

and diſconſolate

T. W.

It hapning that a Maid, or Widdow, already contracted to another (now abſent from her) ſome youth taking the advantage of his non-reſidency importunately courts her (having the aſſent of her friends) to marry her, ſhe by no means liking thereof, inviteth her true beloved home, thus:

Sweet R. L.

I Had little thought, becauſe leſs deſerv'd, that either profit, or preferment had been dearer to thee, than my ſelf, for if my poor beauty, or rich affection to thee, be of ſo low, and baſe an eſtem, as thou preferreſt thy wealth, and reputation to it; then I am as miſerable, as I thought my ſelf happie, in my choice, and the ſweetneſſe of my deſires and wiſhes, conſequently have end, as ſoon as they received a beginning, and if this ingratitude of thine be not a crime, I know not what a crime is, nor how, nor in what terms to define and determine thereof: judge therefore with thy ſelf (at leaſt if thou art not wholly exempt of judgement as of Love) what poor half; yea, what a ſmall part I am

of thee, when by thy voluntary abſence thou wilt wholy reſign me up to another, when, God and his Angels know, I deſire nothing under Heaven ſo much as to live, and die thy wife: come away therefore my Dear *T.* and my ſighes, and teares, and prayers, ſhall implore the windes, and Seas to prove propitious to thy ſpeedy return, and blame not me, but thy ſelf, if thy abſence, and my friends obſtinacie bereave me of thee, and thee of me, which ſhall be ever praid againſt,

By thy truely affectionate,

and longing Lover

N. D.

HIS REPLY.

Dearest Dear,

THy ſweet beauty, and rich affection, and conſtancie, ſhall not onely command my reſolution, but my ſelf, and it is impoſſible, either for my profit, or reputation, to give, but to receive a Law there-

of; for thy requeſts, being to me commands, and conſequently thy felicitie, and miſerie equally mine, I will therefore ſhorten and haſten, the time of my ſtay, and ſo convert a whole year into few moneths: it is not all the treaſure of Turky, or the Indies, which ſhall keep me from enjoying thy ſociety, in whoſe Divine cheeks, and eyes, my heart hath imparadized all my moſt ſoveraign earthly felicitie. I come my ſweet, &c. and if I want windes, or ſeas, to bring me to thy bleſſed preſence, my ſighes ſhall increaſe the one, and my tears ſupply, and augment the other to effect it, prepare therefore thy heart and eyes, to ſee me, and ſalute me, as I do mine armes, and lips, to embrace, and kiſſe thee, and I both hope, and reſt confident, that my prayers and conſtancy, ſeconded by thine, will make thy friends obſtinacie vain, and prove his attempts (who ever he is) fruitleſſe, that indeavours to ſupplant me, who art already mine by choice and promiſe.

Deareſt Dear,
Thy eternal Lover
M. O.

Two Gentlemen in diſcourſe, if the one happen to mention his Miſtreſſe, and the other be deſirous, to take him from her Love, they may thus expoſtulate.

A DIALOGUE.

(Suppoſed) between IULIO and MERCARIO.

IULIO. I Was a fool to think, that death onely kept doores, of ill paid Love, when, or diſdain, or ſpite could let me out as well.

MERCARIO. Right, were I as you, it ſhould no more trouble me, to free my ſelf from Love, then to ſpit out that, which made me ſick.

IULIO. I'le tell her ſo, that ſhe may laugh at me, as at a Priſoner, threatning his Guard, that he will break looſe, and ſo is made tht faſter: ſhe hath charmes (my friend) can fetch in a rebellious heart, even while it is conſpiring libertie, oh ſhe hath all the vertues of her Sex, and not the vices, chaſte, and unſullied, as firſt opening Lillies, or uutouch'd Buds.

MER-

MER. Chaſte, why do you honour me, becauſe I throw not my ſelf off, from ſome precipice? 'tis her ruine to be otherwiſe, though we blame thoſe that kill themſelves, we praiſe not him that keeps himſelf alive, and deſerves nothing.

JULIO. And 'tis the leaſt, ſhe does tryumph when ſhe does but appear, I have as many rivals, as beholders.

MER. All that increaſes but our jealouſies, if you have now ſuch qualmes for that you have not, what will you have, for that you ſhall poſſeſſe.

JULIO. Dull Heretick, know, I have theſe, becauſe I have not her, when I have her, I ſhall have theſe no more: her fancie now, her vertue, then will govern, and as I uſe to watch, with doubtfull eye, the wavering Needle in the beſt Sun-dial, till it has ſetled, then the trouble's o're, becauſe I know, when it is fix't, 'tis true: ſo here my doubts appear at once before me. Sure (friend) Crown'd Conquerours, are but the Types of Lovers, who enjoy, and really poſſeſſe what the other have in dreams, I'le ſend a challenge to this friend of hers.

MER. Do, and be thought a Madman, to what purpoſe if ſhe love him, ſhe will but hate you more for ſuch an act: Lo-

vers

vers in favour (friend *Iulio*) are Gameſters in good fortune, the more you ſet them, the more they get.

Iul IO. I'le run the hazard, let's to the next Tavern.

MER. I wait on you.

An old Gentleman, ſometime ſuiter to a young Lady (at the requeſt of ſome of her friends, as alſo conſcious of his own imbecillity) being deſirous to make a handſome retreat, may thus epiſtolize to his quondam *Miſtreſſe.*

Lady,

BEing heretofore informed by your brother *D. L.* of your Dear affection to *Z. H.* and your conſtant reſolution, to make him your husband, I held my ſelf bound out of due regard to you, and firm promiſe to him, to ſurceaſe my ſute to you, and (becauſe the ſhorteſt errours are ever beſt) no more to ſtrive, to make impoſſibilities poſſible, in perſevering to ſeek you in Marriage, whom I ſee, (Heaven and Earth have conſpired) another muſt obtain, and enjoy: and when I look from my age to your youth,

and from that to the handſomneſſe of *D.P.* I am ſo far from condemning your choice, that I both approve, and applaud it, praying you to be as reſolute in this confidence, as I am confident, in this reſolution, that my beſt prayers, and wiſhes, ſhall ever wiſh you the beſt proſperities, God hath endewed you with a double happineſſe, in giving you an excellent wit, to ſecond and embelliſh your exquiſite beautie, whereunto if in this buſineſſe, you take the advice of your beſt friend *D. P.* and follow that of your noble brother *S. E.* you will then have no cauſe to doubt, but all the reaſons in the world, to aſſure your ſelf, that your affections, and fortunes, will in the end ſucceed, according to my prayers, and your merits, and expectation.

Lady I am,
the real honour of your
many perfections

F. R.

The

The Ladies Reply.

Noble Sir,

WHat my brother *S. E.* informed you, concerning *D. P.* and my self, was the very truth and sinceritie of those affections, wherewith God hath inspired our hearts, and setled our affections and resolutions, each to other, as I was never doubtfull of your well-wishes & Love, so now, I am not a little thankfull to you, for your dear respect towards me, in approving my choice, and although my poore beautie, and silly wit, do no way deserve the praises of your pen, yet my heart shall consult with my brother *D. P.* how to bear my self in this so weighty, and important a busines, whereon I know depends, either, my future content, or affliction; in the mean time, as I will pray for those, who vitiously hate me, so I will honour those, who vertuously affect and honour me, of which last number, I ingeniously, and gratefully acknowledge, that your generositie, and not my merits, hath condignely made you one: with reason therefore may I write my self

Your honourer

I. M.

If any Gentleman have occaſion to deſcribe a rare beauty, he may lim'n her forth, by the pattern of this Venus.

OF ſtature indifferent tall
but very ſtraight, and ſlender;
Her hair, either of a deep Cheſnut colour,
Or light black;
Her complexion, and tincture of an amorous, and lovely brown,
Or of a Roſeat, and Lilly die
(Rather fat than lean;)
Her eyes (thoſe two relucent Lamps, and Stars of Love)
Black, and piercing;
Her front, lips, neck, and paps,
no way detracting.
The firſt, the promontorie of
the GRACES.
The ſecond, the reſidence of
delight and pleaſure.
The third, the Pyramides of
State, and Majeſtie.
The fourth, the Hills, and Valley
of Love.
The reſt of her bright bodie to explain
'Tis left, untill Apelles live again.

A Gentleman having made a very hot ononſet, and yet (of his own accord) ſtopping in the midſt of his carreere, the Gentlewoman, whoſe Daughter he once proteſted ſo much Love to, inquires the occaſion of his ſuſpenſion, thus:

Sir,

I Am wholy ignorant, why you thus forſake your affection, and ſute to my Daughter, whereof before I am reſolved by you, I have many reaſons to ſuſpect, and think, that it was as feigned as your promiſes, and Oathes, pretended it to be fervent, ſure I am, that as envy cannot eclipſe the fame of her vertues towards the World, ſo truth dares not contradict the ſincerity of my well wiſhes, and affection towards you, in deſiring to make you her Husband, and ſhe your wife, her poor beauty (which you ſo often ſwore you deeply admired and adored) hath loſt no part of its luſtre, but it is the ſame ſtill, and ſo am I, who have ever wiſhed, and ever will faithfully deſire, that of all men in the World, your ſelf onely may live to enjoy it: if you think her affection be bent any other way,

be

be aſſured ſhe muſt, and ſhall be obedient to my vote, or if you imagine her portion too ſmall, you ſhall command an augmentation, if you ſend me your anſwer hereunto, I ſhall take it for an argument of your unkindneſſe, but if you come your ſelf, it ſhall much oblige,

Sir,

Her that Loves and reſpects you

A. Y.

The Gentleman, having heard a certain relation of his Miſtreſſe lightneſſe, or otherwiſe being diffident, &c. and yet not willing to certefie the true cauſe of his ſlackneſſe, may return this anſwer.

Miſtreſſe,

THough you ſuſpect my ſinceritie, yet if you will believe the truth: you ſhall finde, that the affection, which I intended towards your daughter, was fervent, not feigned, and becauſe you are deſirous to

know

know the reaſons, why I forbear to ſeek her in Marriage, I can give you no other but this, that I know ſhe is too worthy to be my Wife, and believe that I am not worthy enough to be her husband; for your affection, in deſiring my ſelf hers, and ſhe mine in Marriage, I can give you no other requital but thanks, I aſſure you, that if hers to me, had equalized mine to hers, I ſhould then thankfully have taken, and joyfully received her with a far leſſe portion, then you would have given me with her: to your ſelf I wiſh much proſperitie, and to your daughter all her happineſſe. I muſt return you this as my final anſwer, and whether you make it an argument of my unkindneſſe, or affection, in pleaſing your ſelf, you ſhall no way diſpleaſe

Your ſervant

P. R.

Some

Some Captains having lighted upon a convey of [perfum'd] Citizens, if they pleaſe make uſe of this Method to cajole them.

A DIALOGUE, (Suppoſed) between MARTINO and CORFLAMBO, and BRICKETTO, and BRAGADOCHIO.

This Dialogue *is intended chiefly, for the reprehenſion of the new race of Royſters, who were ſwords (as they do their Cod-piece colours) onely for ſhow.*

BRAG. WEe'l take our leaves Gentlemen.

PRICK. Yes faith, I muſt get the Maidenhead of a new ſu'te of Sattin, e're I ſleep.

CORFLAM. Nay, nay, ſtay Gentlemen, let us forget old quarrels, and then end our new acquaintance, we are for the Countrey, you for the Citie, Ile but tell you a few of your faults, and leave the amendment to your own leaſures, but you both think you are wiſer then I.

BRA-

BRAGA. We ſhould be ſorry elſe.

PRICK. And abuſe our judgements to boot.

COR. We are for the defence of the Common-wealth of *England*, you for the offence of the Common-wealth of Coxcombs, *viz.* young Heirs, whoſe Eſtates you blow up with ſweet powder, *&c.* mark this, (this is called the new thrift) when you are loath to maintain, *&c.* you publiſh your ſelves with your own praiſe; not a word, leſt I return you a blow, I know you cannot ſpeak without a complement.

MAR. They uſe it in their prayers, I have known one of theſe, who in one ſingle complement, ſo waſted his Lungs, that I was fain ro call for *Aqua vitæ*, to recover his breath.

CORFLAM. I have heard, you have tranſported the Geometrical crindge, and the Art of numbring the hairs upon your chins.

MARTI. Of ſtarching your beards, and perfuming your very ſhadows, they ſay it is your cuſtome, to ſleep in Pomatum Masks, and that you paint your pretty viſnomies.

CORFLAM. Yes, and colour them ſo

red, that you ſeem to bluſh more then the ſign of the Kings head, before a Country Inne.

MAR. You abuſe Aſtrologie too, for you clip black Taffata into ſtars, for a foil to your beautie, and fix them in ſeveral regions of your face, which make you look like the picture of Doomſday, when all the Planets are darkned.

COR. Leave your jigging motion, when you mix your ſelves in a ſalute, your bodies ſeem to daunce upon your knees.

MAR. You pinion up your elbowes (thus,) like Pullets truſs'd upon a ſpit, then wreath your ham's in (thus,) with a diſcreet leaſure, as if you ment to number all the pibbles in the ſtreet, and then fleer, as if you had waſh'd your gums in Vinegar, this you admire for geſture of the neweſt faſhion.

COR. I ſay 'tis ſcurvy, for he that greets a Lady ſo, looks like a Sope-boyler upon a cloſe ſtool.

BRA. This we muſt hear, and laugh at.

PRICK. This is ſomething too ſawcie tho'.

MAR. When you take phyſick for your Souls health, retire into that part of the

the Kingdome, that lies fartheſt from *France*.

COR. He counſels well, the *French* air hath made many of our Gentrie drunk, and now move, but with your lips ſow'd up, for fear of a SWORD COMPLEMENT, you [*Martino*] ſhall ſtraight take horſe with me (towards *Callidonia*) and be billited in my Quarter, ſo God be with thee.

PRICK. Farewell, and be, *&c.*

A Maid, or Widdow, being ſick, or diſcontented for the abſence of her betrothed Love, her Father may thus certefie the tardy Lover.

Sir;

YOu do your ſelf no right, but me and my daughter infinite wrong, in ſtaying ſo long from, *&c.* in regard it is contrarie to my expectation, and to her deſerts and merits, for her affection is ſo entire, and fervent to you, becauſe ſhe conceives, and hopes that yours (in requital) is ſo to her, that ſhe hath this many moneths languiſhed in expectation of your re-

return, whereof now beginning to de-ſpair, that deſpaire of her hath ſtruck her into ſo dangerous a ſickneſſe, that I fear it will ſhortly prove fatal to her, for alre-dy the Lillies have baniſhed the Roſes of her Cheeks; yea, her Cheeks are grown thin, and thoſe ſparkling Stars her eyes, have loſt a great part of their wonted luſtre and glorie, ſo that if thy affection will not, yet pitie ſhould move thee, to haſten thy return to ſee, and comfort her: how can you anſwer for this her ſickneſſe to your honour (which is occaſioned by your unkindneſſe) I know not, but ſure I am, if ſhe go to her grave before you come to her, you can never ſufficiently anſwer it to your conſcience, nor your conſcience to Heaven: in her ſick bed, you are the onely Saint, to whom ſhe offereth her Devotions, and therefore it will be a miſerable ingratitude in you, to permit her to die your Martyr,

Sir,

Your friend to ſerve you

K. H.

A

A Gentleman, having a Competitor with him in his Miſtreſſe favour (to his great diſcontent) may indeavour to perſwade his rival to a quietus *thus, by Letter,*

Sir,

WEre you informed, but of the hundred part of my Deare affection to the fair young Ladie *N. Y.* and reciprocally of hers to me, thou would'ſt (if not out of honour, yet out of judgement) ſurceaſe thy ſuite to her, and not make thy obſtinacie ridiculous, by thinking to obtain her for thy wife, and though ſhe feed thee with the Sugar, of many ſweet proteſtations to the contrarie; yet, if I have any eyes in my head, or thou judgement in thine to diſcerne the truth hereof thou mayeſt certainly conclude, that ſhe onely playes with thee, for her ſport, and wert thou not a Gentleman, whom I love for thine own honour, and for thy fathers ſake, I had not ſo long permitted thee to frequent her company, nor ſo often to converſe with her, to the prejudice of my content, and thy diſcretion: and if this friendly Ambaſſadour of my heart, my letter, will not yet induce thee to leave her to me, whom

whom heaven and earth, God, and he
Parents have given me, I will then tak
that order with thee, as ſhall redound a
much to my honour, as to thy infamy
and diſreputation, ſo

(Sir,) *I am*
Your friend, or enemy
as you pleaſe to
uſe me

M. R.

SPARE

SPARE to SPEAK, and SPARE to SPEED, in a Complemental DIALOGUE.

(Suppoſed) between ROMEO, and AMARANTHA.

THE ARGUMENT.

Ere Aurora's cheeks look red
(She ſleeping ſtill in Tythons bed)
A Lover, takes the early prime
And offers incenſe, at the ſhrine
Of his adored Saint; doth move
So well; he wins the Goddeſſe Love.

ROMEO.

I Know not (ſweet Ladie) whether I may term my ſelf happie, or unfortunate, in bleſſing my eyes ſo early in a morning, with the ſight of ſo beautifull a Nymph as your ſelf, becauſe in thinking to gain my Soul, I fear I have loſt my heart in the amorous extaſies of ſo delicious an object, therefore I beſeech you think it not ſtrange, that having received my wound from

from your beauty, I flie to your courteſie for my cure.

AMARANTHA.

Sir, You muſt give me leave to be incredulous; it were madneſſe for me to think that you ſhould loſe your heart in the contemplation of ſo poor, and ſo unworthy a beautie as mine, but ſuch wounds ſtill carrie their cures with them, and therefore as my beautie was not capable to occaſion the one, ſo ſhall not my courteſie be guilty in granting the other.

ROMEO.

Be pleaſed to know, (beauteous *Amarantha*) that whereas you tax me of Hypocriſie, I am as innocent, as you ſuſpect me guiltie, and have no more ſnares, or lures, in proffering you my ſervice, then that which your pure beautie, and chaſte vertues give me, neither am I of the number of thoſe Gentlemen (as peradventure you may ſuppoſe) whoſe hearts and tongues agree not, for that their actions prove not their ſpeeches and complements real, becauſe I as much diſdain, and hate them, as you can poſſibly condemne them.

A

AMARANTHA.

It is the cuſtome I confeſſe, of the Ladies and Gentlewomen of *England*, to uſe Gentlemen with too much reſpect, rather than too little favour, eſpecially thoſe Gentlemen, who favour more of honour than vanity, if therefore I have any way wronged mine own judgement, in ſuſpecting, or not acknowledging your merits, I know, I am yet as worthy of your excuſe, as of your reprehenſion, and for the future ſhall deſire to give you the reſpect due to your worth. I muſt confeſſe your perſon is not deſpicable in my eyes, pleaſe Sir to deſcend, and take a turn, or two in the Garden, it ſhall not be long, ere I attend you there.

ROMEO.

Your humbleſt ſervant.

The father having notice that his ſon is linked to the Love of a (ſeeming) Virgin, but a real Courteſan, for whoſe ſake he neglects the Love of a chaſte, and fair young Gentlewoman, thus ſignifies his thoughts to his ſon, by Letter.

Son,

IT is out of a fatherly, and (as I may ſay) a religious care of thy good, that I now ſend thee theſe few enſuing lines, for thy youth cannot ſee, that which my age knows, how many miſeries are ſubject to wait, and attend on vice, and how many bleſſings on vertue; if *D. C.* be not fair, yet ſhe is comly, not contemptible, why ſhould thy affection preferre *E. B.* before her, who hath nothing but a painted face, to overvail the deformitie of her other vices? if thou wilt leave a Saint, to marrie a ſtrumpet, then take *E. B.* and forſake *D. C.* but if thou wilt forſake a ſtrumpet, and marrie a Saint, then take *D. C.* and leave *E. B.* for look what difference there is between their births, thou ſhalt finde ten times more between the chaſtitie of the one, and the levitie of the other: if thou eſpouſe the firſt thou ſhalt finde content and honour, if the

ſecond ſhame, and repentance, for I know not whether *D. C.* will bring thee more happineſſe, or *E. B.* miſerie, this Letter ſhall ſerve as a witneſſe, betwixt God, my ſelf, and thee, that if thou perform me not thy promiſe and Oath, I will deny thee my bleſſing, and deprive thee of my Lands.

Thy afflicted father

for thy folly

N. S.

A Virgin, or Widdow, being already contracted to the younger brother, and the elder (countenanc'd by her father) very deſirous to ſnatch his brothers prize, may thus give notice to her affected Lover by Letter.

My Dear,

MY promiſe owes you this Letter, whereby I give you to underſtand, that I know not whether you have greater cauſe to love me, or to hate your brother

N. F. in regard he vowes, he affects me dearer than your ſelf, and hath attempted to rob you of your wife, and conſequently me of my husband, and as this is ingratitude in a friend, it muſt needs be treacherie in a brother. I have heard his Courting, and ſeen his Complements, tending that way, but for your ſake I reliſh thoſe with diſguſt, theſe with neglect, and himſelf, with contempt and diſdain. He hath wonne my father to his will, but reſt you confident (my Dear) that he neither can, nor ſhall draw me to his deſire, and becauſe true affection; eſpecially, in accidents of this nature, cannot ſtill be exempt of fear, therefore it any ariſe, or ingender in your thoughts, let this diſſipate, and diſpel it, that although my father deſire not your preſence, yet his daughter is till death conſtantly reſolved to retain and cheriſh you in her heart, and none but you. Manage this advice with diſcretion towards my father, and not with Choller towards your brother, and be but a little time a patient ſpectator of my affection, and conſtancie to you, and you ſhall aſſuredly ſee him act his own ſhame, and your glorie, his af-

fliction

fliction, and your content, and deſire, which is the earneſt wiſh of

Your fidelious, and entirely affectionated

K. V.

HIS REPLY.

Dear Miſtreſſe,

OF all men of the world, I leaſt thought that my brother *N.F.* would have proved my rival in attempting to love you, becauſe he knows, I affect you farre dearer than the whole world; yea, this error (or as you juſtly term it, this treachery) of his is ſo odious, ſo ſtrange to me, as it had far exceeded my belief, if your affection, and conſtancie had not ſo courteouſly revealed it to me in your Letter, neither is it any thanks to him, that he is fruſtrated of his deſires in miſſing you, rather to your vertuous ſelf, which diſtaſted his Courting, and Complements for his owne ſake, and diſdained him for mine. Deare ſweet, in that my Brother hath wonne your Father,

I exceedingly grieve, but in that I have not loſt his daughter, I ſarre more triumph and rejoice, I will ſtill obſerve your father with reſpect, till he refuſe to reſpect me with obſervance, and for my ingrateſull, and treacherous brother, he may act his own ſhame and affliction, but cannot conduce to content, or deſire, becauſe they moſt ſoly proceed from your ſelf, ſith in the ſweet enjoying of you to my wife, conſiſts the onely content of my life, and the chiefeſt of all my earthly felicitie.

Dear, and ſweet Miſtreſſe,

I am your obſequious

and loyal Lover

A. H.

A *Gentleman having formerly been at coſt (in his wilde dayes) with a Gentlewoman, whom he affected, who notwithſtanding deſerted him, and entred into amity with another (meeting her accidently in a Tavern on the exchange, or in the ſtreet) may thus tax her, and ſhe thus anſwer him.*

A DIALOGUE.

(Suppoſed) between VALERIO, and SCOLOPENDRA.

VALERIO.

OH, Miſtreſſe *Scolopendra*, the purblind Goddeſſe be praiſed for this happie interview, I thought mountains might have met, ere you and I have entred into Dialogue, what ſullen fate hath practiſed a Divorce, betwixt your (once proteſted) Love, and my (firm fixed) loyalty.

SCOLOPENDRA.

Sir., This is no place for Diſputation, all the anſwer, I can, or will render to your Quere, is, My minde is totally altered from what it was, nor am I out of conceit with

you alone, but with the whole race of all mankinde, from whom I desire ever to be secluded, deaf to their sollicitations, dull to their invations, dumb to their orations, and dead to their provocations.

VALERIO.

Sure, the world hath not long to its dissolution; why Ladie? I knew the time when you were all these by contraries: whose eares were more open to solicitations? who more nimbly fastned on invitations, and who more avaritiously swallowed provocations than your self? I joy to hear of your pious Metamorphosis, and since it is so, I know you have no further use of the Diamond Rings, the Bracelets, the sundry sorts of Gowns, variety of Petticoates, the Cawles, the Gorgets, &c. which you know I once purchased for you at a dear rate, expecting in liew thereof the fruition of your Love with duration, what can you answer?

SCOLOPENDRA.

By Heaven Sir, what I then protested I did resolve to perform punctually, but who

who can withſtand the decree of deſtiny, and the force of fate, or rather the will of the moſt high immortal truth.

VALERIO.

Hold thou *Hyena*, were it not that I once loved thee, and deſire ever to demonſtrate the honour I bear to that Sex (whoſe ſhame thou art) I would have thee here baited to death, by the whooting of Prentice boyes. Do I not know thou wallowſt in wanton ſweats with *T. I.*——

SCOLOPENDRA.

Oh, Sir, for his ſake, that hath made the world.——

VALERIO.

Avaunt ſtrumpet, thy own guilt be thy puniſhment, the curſe of *France*, and the Plaiſter perfumes of an Hoſpital, be thy beſt ſolace.

The fifth Section.

An ancient Gentlewoman, having married a ſprightly young man, who (becauſe of her jealouſie, and other occurrent accidents depending thereof) retired himſelf from her, the old Woman having a great deſire to have his ſociety again, may thus ſolicit him by Letter.

Dear Husband,

SInce at your requeſt, I have both recanted my jealouſie to you, & repented my cruelty to my Maid *G.* What have I committed, or done, that ſhould cauſe this your ingratefull, and (as I may truely ſay) heart-killing departure, for having made a moſt exact ſcrutiny into my thoughts and Soul, either of them inform me, and both aſſure me, that the freeneſſe and fervencie of my affection towards you, deſerve not ſo cruel, but a far more courteous requital, if my age be any way diſpleaſing to your youth,

youth, yet deprive me not of the felicitie of your ſight, and preſence, wherein I not onely delight, but glorie, and although I can be content, that you ſurfet with my wealth, yet make me not ſo miſerable, as to ſtarve both, in, and for your preſence, for if any have given you any ſiniſter, or falſe impreſſions, either of my ſelf, or actions, if your affection to me will not deface them, at leaſt let your pitie; yea, return my ſweet, and dear husband, and what errours, or faults ſoever, you ſay I have committed, I will not onely redeem them with kiſſes, but with tears.

Your ſorrowfully

dejected wife

P. R.

A WOOING SCENE,
Directions to wooe, in a DIALOGUE.

(Suppoſed) between RHODOLINDA, and RODERIGO.

The Lover reſolving to lay cloſe ſiedge to his Miſtreſſe chaſtity begins, thus:

RODERIGO.

LAdy, I do extreamly affect, and ſhall ever honour you.

RHODOLINDA.

Sir, if you honour me, be aſſured I ſhall reſpect you; nay, affect you.

RODERIGO.

In the way of love (Ladie:)

RHODOLINDA.

In that of honour (Sir,) I will not be mine own but yours.

RO-

RODERIGO.

I will in all affection, both live and die, your ſervant.

RHODOLINDA.

I will in all chaſtity live, to die your handmaid.

RODERIGO.

Lady, I can be no more yours (in heart) then already I am.

RHODOLINDA.

Nor I leſſe yours in luſt, then I am.

RODERIGO.

It is my love that makes me report ſo much.

RHODOLINDA.

And it is my fear, which makes me affirm no leſſe.

RODERIGO.

Why ſhould my love procure your fear.

RHODOLINDA.

My fear is wholy ingendred, and derived from your luſt, not from your love.

RODERIGO.

I pray expreſſe your ſelf.

RHODOLINDA.

My bluſhes may, but my tongue dares not.

RODERIGO.

Did your affections equalize mine, *Rhodolinda*, would accept of *Roderigo*, and not refuſe him.

RHODOLINDA.

Nay, did *Roderigo* know, how infinitly mine exceeds his, he would not refuſe *Rhodolinda*

dolinda, but accept of her, I mean in the ſafe, and honourable way of Marriage.

RODERIGO.

Here then I put a period to all inordinate reſolves, the morrows Sun, ſhall us two, make one.

The Lover finding his Miſtreſſe is hurried away (purpoſely) from his ſociety, thus diſcourſeth with her by Letter.

Beauteous, and dearly eſteemed Miſtreſſe,

HOw juſtly may I term my ſelf unfortunate, ſince I am inforced to be miſerable, e're I know what belongs to happineſſe, for if ever I found any content, or heaven upon earth, it was onely in thy ſweet preſence, which thy ſudden abſence, and unexpected exile, hath made at leaſt my Purgatorie, if not my Hell, judge faireſt, what a matchleſſe grief it is to my heart, and a heart killing terrour to my thoughts, that I muſt live alone in, *&c.* without thee, but if I have any ſenſe, or ſhaddow of comfort in this my calamity, it onely conſiſts in this, that as thou carried'ſt

ried'ſt away my heart with thee, ſo thou wilt vouchſafe to return me thine in thy Letter, by a reciprocal requital and exchange, for if thou neither bring me thy ſelf, nor ſend me that, I may be ſought in, *&c.* but found no where but in *Elizium*, where I priviledged by thy conſent much more authorized by thy command, I would ſpeedily rather fly, then poſt to thee, for, fair, and dear Miſtreſſe, as thou art my ſole joy, and ſoveraign felicity, ſo whileſt I breath this aire of life, thy will ſhall be my law, thy command my compaſſe, and thy pleaſure my reſolution.

Dearest Dear, I am thine
wholy to be diſpoſed of

E. W.

HER ANSWER.

Dear heart,

IT is for none, ſave our ſelves, to judge how equally we participate, and ſhare of miſery, in being deprived of each others

thers presence, thou termest my absence, either thy Purgatory, or thy Hell, and and my afflictions, and torments for thine are so great, and withall so infinite, as I have all the equity, and reason of the World to repute them, not onely one, but both, yet since fate hath so decreed that we must be seperated, restrain awhile, and let thy journey hither to me, be ended ere begun, and yet with this proviso and condition. That the cause thereof, thy affection to me, be begun, never to be ended, and think that my stay, and exile here shall be as short as either my best Art in my self can invent, or truest zeal to thee suggest, in which interim, let us solace our selves, and visit each other by the Ambassadours of our hearts, I mean our Letters, and this resolve (my dear) that during our absence, while thou dost feast on my *Idea*, I will not fail to surfet on thine.

Heaven knows, (as thy heart I hope also is witnesse) that I am thy entire affectionate, and longing Lover

K. C.

The

The Chamberma id *and the* Butler, *having paſſed the night merrily, toward morning enter into*

A DIALOGUE.

BUTLER.

LOok, by this light day, the time has ſtoln from us ſtrangely.

CHAMBERMAID.

By this light (ſay'ſt thou) 'tis day? not by this, by t'other? 'tis indeed.

BUTLER.

Thou art ſuch another piece of temptation, my Lord raves by this time for his cup of Pur'le.

CHAMBERMAID.

Fy upon thee, thou art as fearfull as a young Colt, bogleſt at every thing, as if Lovers had conſidered houres, I'le peepe in.——

BUT-

BUTLER.

I am as weary of this Wench, as if I were Married to her, ſhe hangs open me like an Ape upon a Horſe, ſhe's as common too, as a Barbers glaſſe, conſcience't too, like a Dy-dapper.

CHAMBERMAID.

There's no bodie within, my Ladie ſleeps this hour at leaſt.

A Gentleman, or Merchant, having had (already) ſome ſmall intimacie with ſome Virgin, or Widdow beyond the Seas, whom he dearly loves, (ſhe upon ſome emergent occaſion being forced to withdraw herſelf from that Town, or Citie, where he firſt ſaw her, and ſhe lately reſided) may thus ſalute her by Letter.

Dearly loved Miſtreſſe,

AS long as you were in, *&c.* I deemed it a heaven upon earth, and being bound for, *&c.* a thouſand times bleſt that contrary winde, which kept me from ſayling from you; yea, ſo ſweetly did I affect,

and

and ſo dearly honour your beauty, as I entred into a reſolution with my ſelf, to end my voyage, ere I began it, and to begin another, which I fear will end me. If you demand, or deſire to know what this ſecond voyage is, know fair Miſtreſſe that my thoughts are ſo honourable, and my affection ſo religious, that it is the ſeeking of your favour, and the obtaining your ſelf to my wife, whereon not onely my fortunes, but my life depends, but how ſhall I hope for this honour, or flatter my ſelf with the obtaining ſo great a felicitie, when I ſee you have not onely left me, but which is worſe, the Citie for my ſake: if your cruelty will make me thus miſerable, I have no other conſolation left me, to ſweeten the bitterneſſe of my grief, but a confident hope, that death will as ſpeedily deprive me of my dayes, as you have of my joyes.

Divine Lady, I am yours to be diſpoſed of either, for life, or death.

R. L.

THE

THE TRUE SYMPTOMS OF LOVE.

AN ODE.

IF when thy ſtomack calls to eat,
Thou cut'ſt thy fingers 'ſtead of meat,
And with much gazing on her face,
Doſt riſe an hungry from the place.
By theſe acts thou doſt diſcover,
That thou art a perfect Lover.
If when ſhe appears, i'th room
Thou quake'ſt, and preſently art dumb;
And in ſtriving this to cover,
Doſt repeat thy words twice over.
Thou by this, doſt well diſcover,
That thou art a perfect Lover.

A Maid, or Widdow, having match'd her self, (contrary to the will of her Parents) with a Man, either too poor of fortune, or too deboist of minde, and therefore is rejected of her Father and Mother, may thus expresse her self to them by Letter.

Dear Father and Mother,

I Now finde to my grief, and know to my shame and repentance, that my disobedience, in marrying *M. Q.* against your consent, and without your blessing, is the reason, why heaven hath thus punish'd me, with a bad husband in him, whose fervent affection to me, is so soon forgotten, and frozen, and whose vertues in himself, are so suddenly, and sinfully exchanged into vices, that his prodigality hath spent, and consumed all his estate, and left not wherewith, either to give himself, or me maintenance, in which regard, because my afflictions are so great, and my miseries so infinite, that I rather deserve your pitie then your displeasure, therefore I beseech you, either afford my husband means to, *&c.* or else take me home to live with you again, if you will not in nature respect me as your daughter, yet in compassion enter-

tain

tain me as your hand-maid, and I moſt humbly, and religiouſly beſeech you, to think, and conſider to what great wants and neceſſity I am now reduced, ſince I write you this Letter, rather with tears then Ink, heaven direct your hearts to my relief and conſolation, as mine is eternally to all poſſible reſpect and dutie.

Your languiſhing, and (almoſt) dying daughter

N. E.

If the Parents, to whom this ſuppoſed Letter is directed (for divers reaſons, beſt known to themſelves) will by no means hearken to the deſires of their daughter, but reſolve ſhe ſhall ſuffer for her folly, they may return her this anſwer.

N.

IF thy husband prove not to thy liking, thou haſt juſt reaſon to thank thy ſelf, and to condemne thy own diſobedience in chuſing, and if his affection be ſo ſoon forgotten, or frozen to thee, it is a juſt puniſhment

niſhment of God, becauſe thine was ſo firſt to us, whereof as that is the effect, ſo doubtleſſe this is the prime, and original cauſe thereof, and as his vices, and prodigality hath ſpent all his eſtate, ſo I have not ſo little judgement (to which thy mother alſo agrees) to allot mine to redeem it (though thou haſt ſo ſmall underſtanding to think ſo) which (upon the whole) were then to imitate, and ſecond him in his folly, and conſequently to make thy mother and my ſelf guilty, in conſuming it, and becauſe thou fleddeſt with him, without our knowledge from *G.* to *Y.* & didſt there marrie him without our conſent, therefore it is neither thy grief nor miſerie, or thy ſhame and repentance, which ſhall induce us, either to reſpect, or pitie thee as our daughter, or which is leſſe, to relieve, and entertain thee as our hand-maid. The beſt advice, and counſel, which we can, or will give thee, is that thou continually direct thy prayers to God for thy relief, and conſolation, and herein thou wilt then ſerve thy ſelf, pleaſe us, and glorifie him, and if thou regardeſt mine, or thy mothers commands, let us neither ſee thee, or hereafter hear any more of thy vain, and fooliſh Letters.

Thy father L.D. Thy mother K.D.

A pathetical diſſwaſion (to be uſed by any, as occaſion ſerves, either by ſpeech, or writing) when they would make a letcherous old woman, who is mad for a young huſband (the condition of too many of our times) ſenſible of her ſottiſhneſſe, &c.

Doting, dying old woman,

IS this a time for thee to think of a young husband, when one of thy old feet, is as it were in the grave, or being in thy Clymacterical year, of three-ſcore and three, art thou yet ſo fraughted with levity, and deſtitute of conſtancie, as thou wilt needs ſeek to marrie one of five & twenty. If it be now time; yea, high time for thee to ſacrifice thy deſires to continencie, what makeſt thou in this gawdy Gowne, this faire hair'd Periwig, and theſe youthfull tires? did'ſt thou reſolve to wed a husband near of thine own age, and ſo to end the remainder of thy days with him, in chaſte, and holy wedlock, that reſolution of thine were as excuſable as this is worthy, not onely of blame, but of hiſſing at. Conſider, conſider with thy ſelf, what a prepoſterous attempt, and enterprize this is, that when thou ſhouldeſt finiſh thy dayes in de-

votion, thou then delightest to begin them in concupiscence: if there be yet any spark of thy youth, which lies burning under the Embers of thy Age: if thy chaste thoughts cannot, yet let modesty, or at least pietie extinguish them: hitherto the chastity of thy youth hath made thee happy, and wilt thou now permit that the lust of thine Age shall make thee unfortunate? of a grave Matron, wil't thou become a youthfull Gigglet? if thou wilt not permit the eyes of thy bodie, at least permit those of thy Soul, to look from thy painted cheeks, to thy snow white haire, who can inform, and tell thee, that thou art fitter for Heaven then Earth.

AN EPIGRAM,

To the old Woman.

HOw fain, thou beautifull would'st seem to be,
How dost thou daunce, and drink audaciously.
How, unto wanton Cupid, dost thou seek

Wil

With palſied note, he in the beauteous
cheek
Of the now freſhly colour'd Northern
wench,
And throughly skill'd in prick-ſong do's
intrench,
For haſtie he, over the drie Oakes flee'th,
And runs from thee, 'cauſe thou haſt rot-
ten teeth,
Becauſe that thoſe thy wrinkles, and the
ſnow
Upon thy head, do vitiate thee ſo.
Nor Tyrian purples now, nor gliſtring
ſtones
Can fetch again thoſe times to thee, which
once
The winged day, hath very firmly cloſed,
In memorable Regiſters diſpoſed,
Now luſty youths, behold with mirth e-
nough,
Thy Taper waſted to a very ſnuffe.

A Virgin, or Widdow (after much suite being won) resolving to be joyned with her Lover in wedlock, writes him this comfortable Letter.

Dear Sir,

AS it is not for earth to resist heaven, nor for our wills to contradict providence, so I cannot deny, but now acknowledge that if ever I affected any man, it is your self, for your letters, protestations and vows, but chiefly your merits, and the hope or rather the assurance of your fidelity hath won my heart from my self to give it you, but there are some important considerations and reasons, that enforce me to crave your secresie herein, and to request you as soon as conveniently you may, to come privately hither to me, for I shall never give content to my thoughts, or satisfaction to my minde, till I am made joyfull with your sight, and happy with your presence.

Dear Sir,
Your affectionately devoted

A. R.

CON-

CONCEITED COMPLEMENTS,

Very delightfull in a

DIALOGUE.

(Suppoſed) between ANTONIO, and THOMASO.

THOMASO.

THink you it is not then thoſe little jealouſies and fears, joy mixt with doubt, and doubt revived with hope that Crown all love with pleaſure? theſe are loſt when once we come to full fruition, like waking in the morning, when all night our fancie has been fed with various, and pleaſing Ideas.

ANTONIO.

I grant you (Ladie) that the fears, and joyes, hopes, and deſires, mixt with diſpaires and doubts, do make the ſport in Love, I know they are the very Dogs, by which we hunt the Hare, but as the Dogs would ſtop, and ſtraight give over, were

not the Game ſtill in their ſcent, though not in their profeſſion, ſo would our paſſions: both alike muſt be fleſh'd in the chaſe.

THOMASO.

Will you then place the happineſſe but there, where the dull Plowman, and the Plowmans horſe can finde it out? ſhall ſouls refin'd not know how to preſerve alive a noble flame, but let it die, I mean burn out to appetite?

ANTONIO.

Love's a Chamelion, and would live on aire, Phyſick for agues, ſtarving is his food.

THOMASO.

Why, there is not a greater Epicure lives on earth. (Sir,) I have been in his privie Kitchin, and ſeen his bills of fare.

ANTONIO.

How (ſweet Ladie.)

THO-

THOMASO.

A mighty Prince, and full of curiosity, hearts newly slain, serv'd up, entire, and stuck with little arrows, instead of cloaves, sometimes a cheek plump't up with broth, with cream, and claret mingled for sawce, and round about the dish Pomegranate kernels, strew'd on leaves of Lillies, he hath for his covered dishes (of Jene-strayes,) and Marmalade of hips, perfum'd by breath sweet as the Beans first blosom's.

ANTONIO.

Rare, and what drink to all this meat (Ladie?)

THOMASO.

Nothing but Pearle-dissolv'd tears still fresh fetch'd from Lovers eyes, which if they chance to be warm in the carriage, are still cool'd with sighes.

ANTONIO.

A rich proportion, but I believe (Lady) this is but his common diet, when his

chief Cooks, LIKING, & OPPORTUNITY are out of the way, for when he feasts indeed, 'tis there, where the wise people of the world did place the vertues, in the middle (Lady.)

THOMASO.

O Sir, you are peccant, 'tis time I left you.

ANTONIO.

Onely a jest, or so (Lady) I hate obscenity, as much as any living: be pleased, that I may wait upon you home.

THOMASO.

Use your pleasure, Sir.

ANTONIO.

You honour me.

The

The Lover angry, to finde himſelf (after all his expence of coyn and time) ſlighted, and baffled by his Miſtreſſe, if he pleaſe, may thus vent himſelf.

Miſtreſſe,

THough it hath been my infortunity, a long time to doate upon a painted puppet, and to gaze greedily upon the Devil in Chriſtal, yet I now have found my errour, and have enjoyned my ſelf a ſtrict pennance, in expiation of my former folly. I now finde, that had I had (which God forbid) the fruition of my fooliſh wiſhes, in the enjoying of thee, I had not onely purchaſed the execration of Cain, but the Exit of Iudas: as I therefore ſhall eſteem my ſelf bound, at leaſt three times a day, to praiſe the name of my maker, for this ſuperlative deliverance, ſo ſhall I hold it my duty (if ſhortly thou ceaſe not to calumniate me behinde my back, to thoſe Gentlemen, that are my friends) to fix thy name as an Appendix to my Narration, upon every convenient poſt about this Town, ſo that thy name ſhall be as infamous, as thy nature is impious,

His own, he thanks Heaven.

A Passionate Courtship,

In a Complemental

DIALOGUE.

(Supposed) between LODOVICO and SABRINA.

LODOVICO.

REproach not those follies in me (Ladie) you your self make me commit, I am reduced to such extremity, that Love himself (sterne Tyrant as he is) if he could see, would pitie me.

SABRINA.

I understand you not.

LODOVICO.

Would heaven you did, for 'tis a pain to tell you, I come t'accuse you of injustice (Ladie) you first begot my passion, and were content (at least you seem'd so) it should live, yet since, would ne're contribute unto it, or look upon it, as if you had desired

deſired its being for no other end, but for the pleaſure of its ruine.

SABRINA.

Why do you labour thus, to make me guilty of an injury to you, which if it be one, all mankinde are alike ingaged, and muſt have a quarrel to me.

LODOVICO.

I have done ill, you chide me juſtly (Ladie) ile lay it not on you, but on my wretched ſelf. For I am taught, that heavenly bodies are not malicious in their influence; but, by the diſpoſition of the ſubject. They tell me you muſt marrie *Bentivolio*: ſure ſuch excellence ought to be the recompence of vertue, not the ſacrifice of Parents wiſdom, ſhould it not Ladie?

SABRINA.

'Twould injure me, were it thought otherwiſe.

LODOVICO.

And ſhall he have you then, is there in martyrdom no juſter way, but he that holds

holds a finger in the fire, a little time, ſhould have a Crown from them that have endur'd the flame with conſtancy.

SABRINA.

If the diſcovery will eaſe your thoughts (Sir) know *Bentivolio* is the man.

LODOVICO.

Then thus, I wrap me in my willow weed, I finde my thoughts are ſtrangely captivated, farewell for ever Lady.

FINIS.